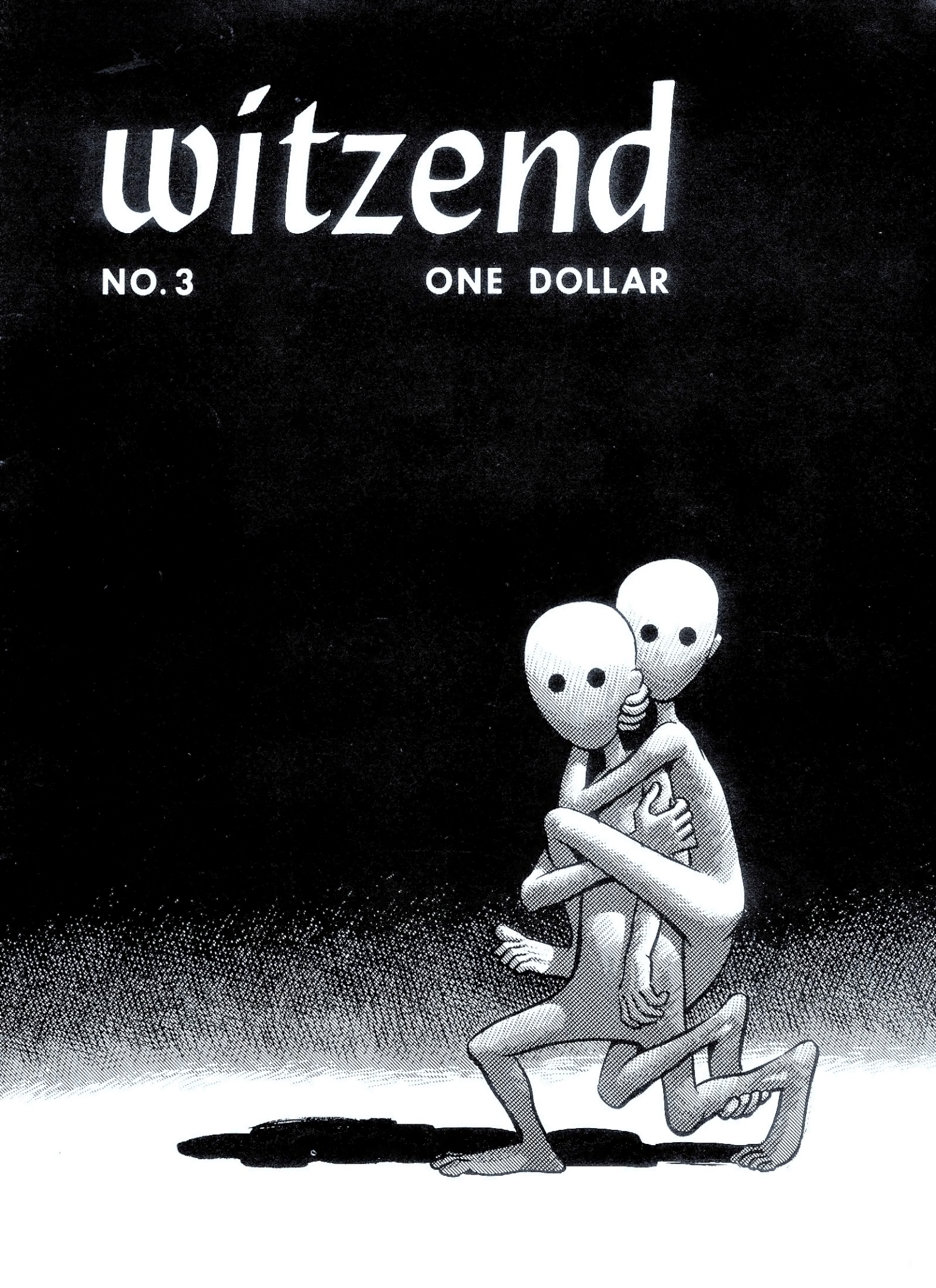
witzend

NO. 3

ONE DOLLAR



BOMB PEKING!

GIVE INDIANS THE VOTE!

STATEHOOD FOR ARKANSAS!

Sure, we could have opinions. We could manufacture a point of view. But the Saturday Review and the Times have all the writers we wanted. And second rate words just take up space.

Besides which, we're not in the opinion business. WITZEND's function is to serve as a forum for the innovators of popular art, for the benefit of the limited but ardent audience who appreciate their efforts. If our potential contributors have something to say, we're delighted to offer them the place to say it. And if they just want to show how well they can handle a brush, that's okay too. Our only criterion is quality, in either case.

Anyhow...who wants to look at a year old Saturday Review?!

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Art by the Dillons

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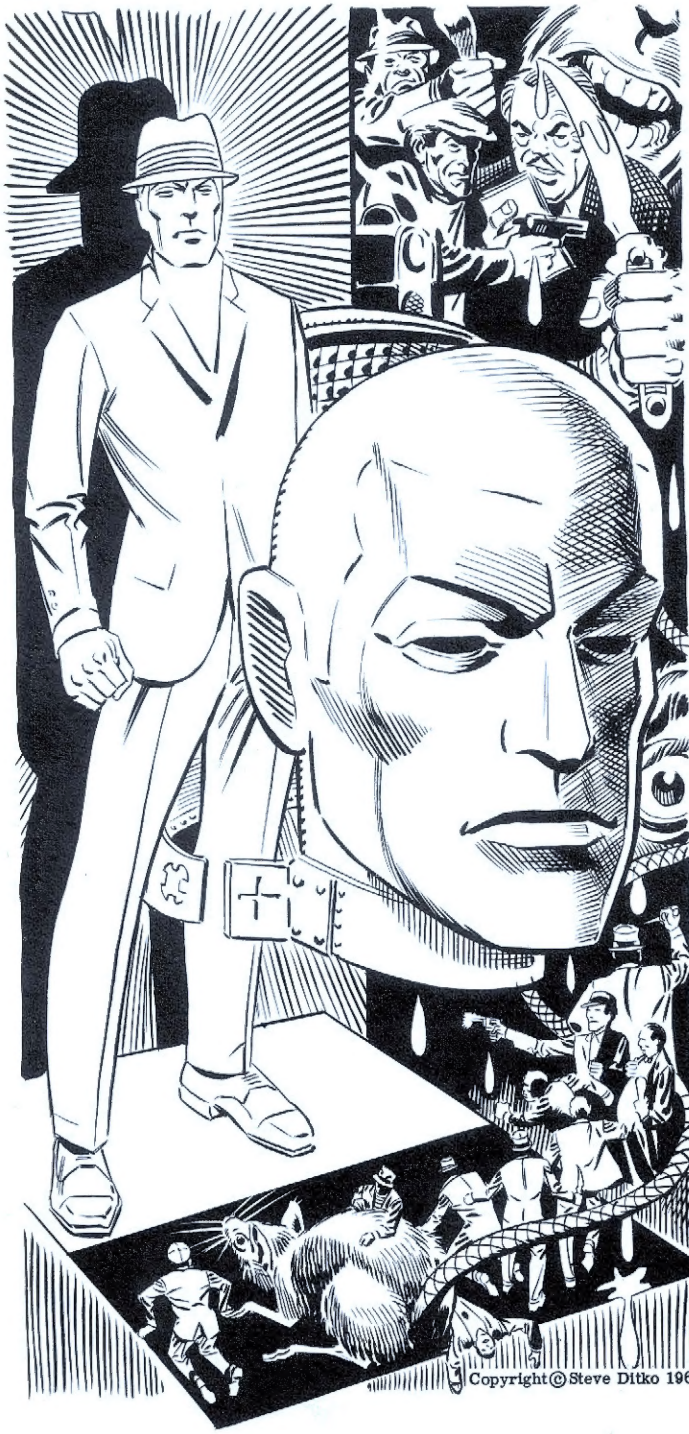
MR.A.

by Ditko

FOOLS WILL TELL YOU THAT THERE CAN BE NO HONEST PERSON! THAT THERE ARE NO ***BLACKS*** OR ***WHITES*** ..... THAT EVERYONE IS ***GRAY!*** BUT IF THERE ARE NO BLACKS OR WHITES, THERE CANNOT EVEN BE A ***GRAY*** ... SINCE GRAYNESS IS JUST A MIXTURE OF BLACK AND WHITE! SO WHEN ONE KNOWS WHAT IS BLACK, ***EVIL***, AND WHAT IS WHITE, ***GOOD***, THERE CAN BE NO JUSTIFICATION FOR CHOOSING ANY PART OF ***EVIL!*** THOSE WHO DO SO CHOOSE, ARE NOT ***GRAY*** BUT ***BLACK*** AND ***EVIL*** ... AND THEY WILL BE TREATED ACCORDINGLY!



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ANGEL, THE COPS SPOTTED US COMING OUT OF THE JEWELRY STORE WINDOW!

SO WHAT? THEY'LL HAVE TO CATCH US TO PROVE IT!

YOU SURE IT WAS ANGEL YOU SAW, MIKE? OKAY, YOU TAKE THIS SIDE!

ANGEL! COME OUT! MAKE IT EASY ON YOURSELF! DON'T BE FOOLISH ... YOU CAN'T GET AWAAA...

*@☆m☼ ***COPS!*** LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. ALWAYS PICKING ON ME ... TELLING ME WHAT TO DO! ***NOT THIS TIME!***

COME ON, STUPID! THAT'S ONE COP THAT WON'T BOTHER ANYONE AGAIN!

WHY DID YOU DO IT? WE COULD OF GOT AWAY... WHY?

MIKE.. MIKE! ***MY GOD, MIKE!!!*** WE'LL GET HIM MIKE... WE'LL GET HIM...

NO, NOT *MY ANGEL!* HE'S A GOOD BOY.. A MOTHER KNOWS! YOU'RE LYING!

YOU COPS ARE AFRAID OF GROWN UP CRIMINALS SO YOU BLAME CRIMES ON KIDS!

AND YOU GET YOUR KICKS, HUNTING THEM DOWN LIKE THEY'RE MAD DOGS! YOU HURT MY BOY...

MY ANGEL'S INNOCENT! GOD KNOWS HE IS!

GET ANGEL TO TURN HIMSELF IN!

AT A WELFARE CENTER...

IT'S THE ENVIRONMENT! IT'S RESPONSIBLE FOR CRIMINALS! WE SHOULD SPEND WHAT WE NEED TO BUILD PLAY-GROUNDS, CHURCHES PARKS, RECREATION CENTERS. YES, A CLEAN ENVIRONMENT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! ANGEL'S HEART IS GOOD! HE'S A VERY SENSITIVE BOY AND HE FEELS THINGS VERY DEEPLY!

BALONEY! ENVIRONMENT IS JUST A BUNCH OF FACTS! IT'S NOT WHAT A PERSON *SEES* THAT DETERMINES HIS CHARACTER... IT'S THE THINKING HE DOES, OR FAILS TO DO, ABOUT WHAT HE SEES! YOU SHOULD'VE GOT ANGEL TO USE HIS HEAD TO THINK WITH INSTEAD OF HIS SENSITIVE FEELINGS OR HEART!

IN THE BACKROOM OF A LOCAL PAWN SHOP..

YOU'RE A LIAR, MORG! YOU'RE MIXED UP IN A FENCING SET UP.. TAKING THE STUFF KIDS STEAL, AND ANGEL IS ONE OF THEM!

I KNOW NOTHING! I'M CLEAN AND YOU CAN'T PROVE OTHERWISE.. *COP!*

AND I DON'T SCARE! I KNOW MY RIGHTS! NO ONE PUSHES ME AROUND! AND I DON'T LIKE YOU GUYS COMING HERE.. YOU GIVE MY PLACE A BAD NAME!

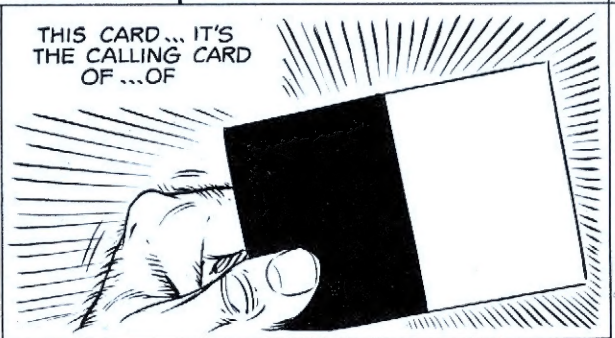
YOU'LL SLIP YET, MORG! YOU'RE TOO GREEDY NOT TO!

IF ANYONE KNEW I WAS WITH ANGEL! WHY DID HE HAVE TO DO IT?!

A LITTLE LATER

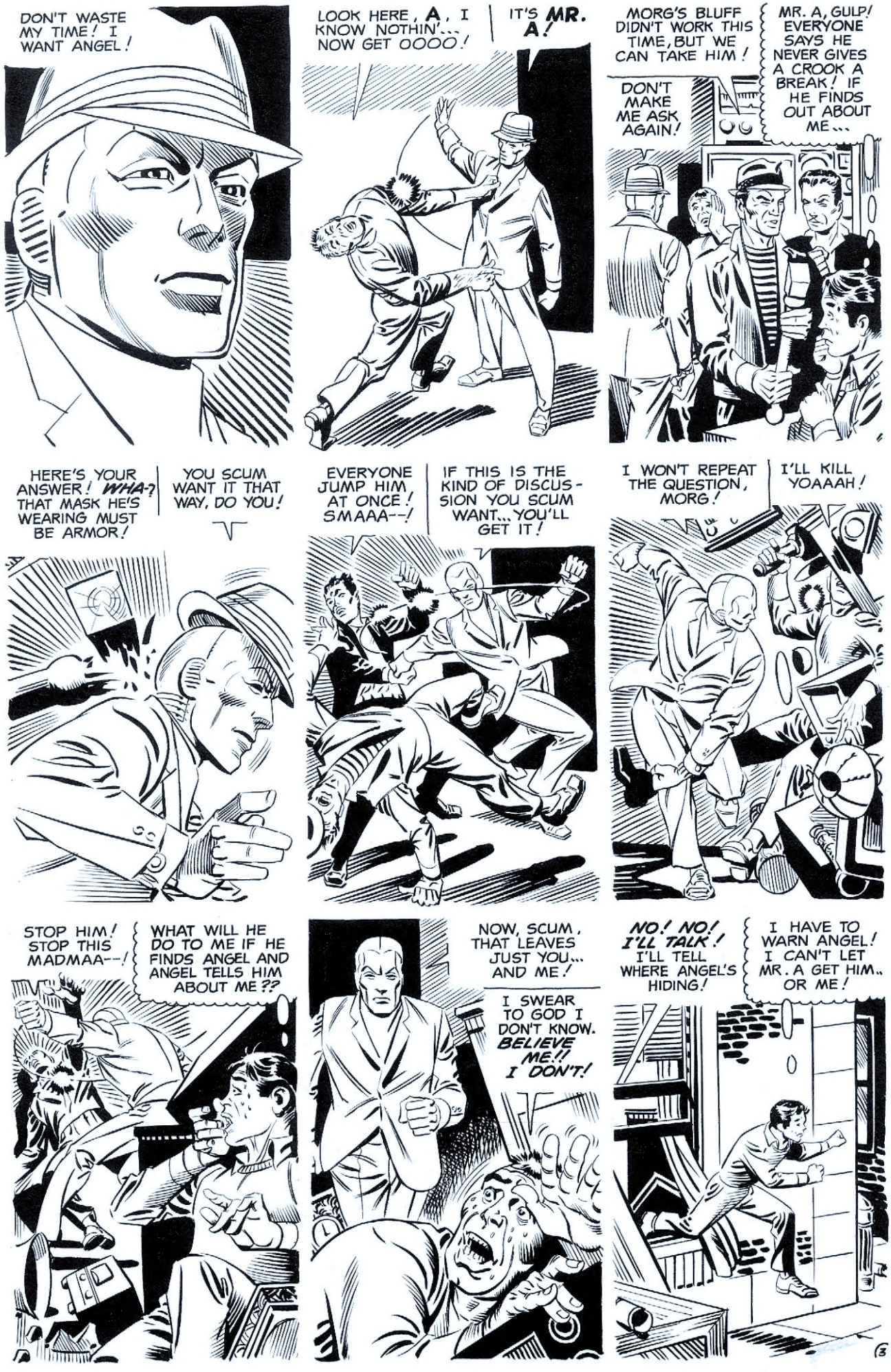
MORG... HE.. HE GIVE ME THIS...

THIS CARD... IT'S THE CALLING CARD OF...OF

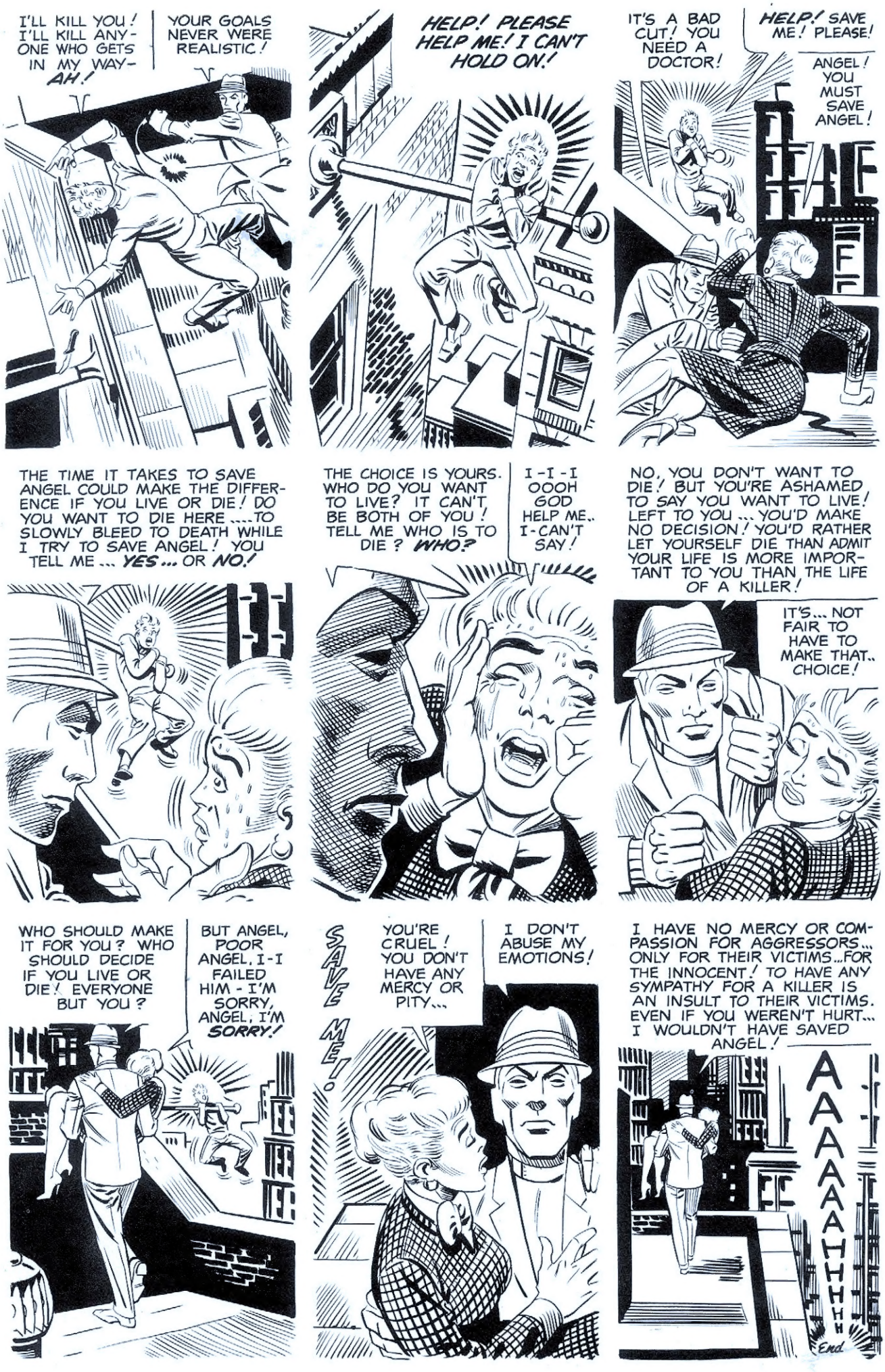


MR. A!

WHERE'S ANGEL HOLED UP AT?


DON'T WASTE MY TIME! I WANT ANGEL!
LOOK HERE, A, I KNOW NOTHIN'... NOW GET OOOO!
IT'S MR. A!
MORG'S BLUFF DIDN'T WORK THIS TIME, BUT WE CAN TAKE HIM!
DON'T MAKE ME ASK AGAIN!
MR. A, GULP! EVERYONE SAYS HE NEVER GIVES A CROOK A BREAK! IF HE FINDS OUT ABOUT ME...
HERE'S YOUR ANSWER! WHA-? THAT MASK HE'S WEARING MUST BE ARMOR!
YOU SCUM WANT IT THAT WAY, DO YOU!
EVERYONE JUMP HIM AT ONCE! SMAAA--!
IF THIS IS THE KIND OF DISCUSSION YOU SCUM WANT... YOU'LL GET IT!
I WON'T REPEAT THE QUESTION, MORG!
I'LL KILL YOAAAH!
STOP HIM! STOP THIS MADMAA--!
WHAT WILL HE DO TO ME IF HE FINDS ANGEL AND ANGEL TELLS HIM ABOUT ME??
NOW, SCUM, THAT LEAVES JUST YOU... AND ME!
I SWEAR TO GOD I DON'T KNOW. BELIEVE ME!! I DON'T!
NO! NO! I'LL TALK! I'LL TELL WHERE ANGEL'S HIDING!
I HAVE TO WARN ANGEL! I CAN'T LET MR. A GET HIM.. OR ME!

WHILE IN AN EMPTY BUILDING...
ANGEL! I HOPED I'D FIND YOU HERE! ANGEL, IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY?
MISS KINDER, NO! I DIDN'T KILL THAT COP! I SWEAR IT! BUT NOBODY EVER BELIEVES ME!
I MADE ONE MISTAKE! NOW I ALWAYS GET THE BLAME! HONEST, MISS KINDER, I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT!
YOU POOR BOY! I UNDERSTAND, ANGEL, YOU CAN BE EASILY.... DEEPLY HURT... AND PEOPLE CAN BE SO CRUEL!
I TRY TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT! GOD KNOWS I TRY! BUT I NEVER GET ANY BREAKS! NO ONE HAS FAITH IN ME!
I DO, ANGEL, AND I WANT TO HELP YOU! I WON'T LET THEM DESTROY YOUR SENSI-TIVE NATURE!
ANGEL, MR. A IS COMING FOR YOU! HE KNOWS YOU KILLED THAT COP.. YOU GOT.. MISS KINDER?!
ANGEL!! IS THAT TRUE?? DID YOU...
YOU STUPID BIG-MOUTH! YOU BLABBED EVERYTHING!
NO, ANGEL! I'M YOUR PAL! CAME TO WARN YOU! PLEASE, ANGEL, LISTEN!
☆©№*! LIAR!
NO ANGEL DON..
NO, AAAA
SHUT UP OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME! NOW GET UP TO THE ROOF! MOVE!
ANGEL! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU LIKE THIS!
DON'T TRY ANYTHING! JUST MOVE!
OH, ANGEL, HOW COULD YOU....
WHA!
IT'S.... GET OUTTA MY WAY! I SAID GET--!
NO, ANGEL, I CAN'T LET YOU.. AAAA--!
4


I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL ANYONE WHO GETS IN MY WAY- AH!
YOUR GOALS NEVER WERE REALISTIC!
HELP! PLEASE HELP ME! I CAN'T HOLD ON!
IT'S A BAD CUT! YOU NEED A DOCTOR!
HELP! SAVE ME! PLEASE!
ANGEL! YOU MUST SAVE ANGEL!
THE TIME IT TAKES TO SAVE ANGEL COULD MAKE THE DIFFERENCE IF YOU LIVE OR DIE! DO YOU WANT TO DIE HERE ....TO SLOWLY BLEED TO DEATH WHILE I TRY TO SAVE ANGEL! YOU TELL ME ... YES ... OR NO!
THE CHOICE IS YOURS. WHO DO YOU WANT TO LIVE? IT CAN'T BE BOTH OF YOU! TELL ME WHO IS TO DIE? WHO?
I-I-I OOOH GOD HELP ME.. I-CAN'T SAY!
NO, YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE! BUT YOU'RE ASHAMED TO SAY YOU WANT TO LIVE! LEFT TO YOU ... YOU'D MAKE NO DECISION! YOU'D RATHER LET YOURSELF DIE THAN ADMIT YOUR LIFE IS MORE IMPORTANT TO YOU THAN THE LIFE OF A KILLER!
IT'S... NOT FAIR TO HAVE TO MAKE THAT.. CHOICE!
WHO SHOULD MAKE IT FOR YOU? WHO SHOULD DECIDE IF YOU LIVE OR DIE! EVERYONE BUT YOU?
BUT ANGEL, POOR ANGEL, I-I FAILED HIM - I'M SORRY, ANGEL, I'M SORRY!
SAVE ME!
YOU'RE CRUEL! YOU DON'T HAVE ANY MERCY OR PITY...
I DON'T ABUSE MY EMOTIONS!
I HAVE NO MERCY OR COMPASSION FOR AGGRESSORS... ONLY FOR THEIR VICTIMS...FOR THE INNOCENT! TO HAVE ANY SYMPATHY FOR A KILLER IS AN INSULT TO THEIR VICTIMS. EVEN IF YOU WEREN'T HURT... I WOULDN'T HAVE SAVED ANGEL!
AAAAAHHHH
End

Gypsy rambler
In your highway shoes
Passing through
What will you do
When you
Realize
There's no place left
To go
And nobody
To go with you
If there was?
Go ahead—
Walk away
From me

A mind
Standing open
I go in
To find its owner
And meet only
Locked closets
And empty rooms
Except for the
Bats
Erratic and
Aimless
Driving me
To music
Nobody home
And I thought
I was an
Oasis

All right then
Leave
But just don't call me
Baby
In your goodbye
As you leave me stranded
In this drunken desert
With nothing but
Myself
To hold on to
And not even a
Handful
Of that
and when they ask me
All I'll tell them is
More or less
The same as ever.

The Ghosts of future
Could-be lovers,
Their substance as yet unresolved,
Condemned to wander,
Forever falling,
Always calling,
Seducing me
Inducing me
To please not stop
Believing in them
Lest they drop from sight
And be lost forever,
Convincing me
What a fine thing
Loneliness
Can be,
As I wait
So patiently
For them to become
Three Dimensional.

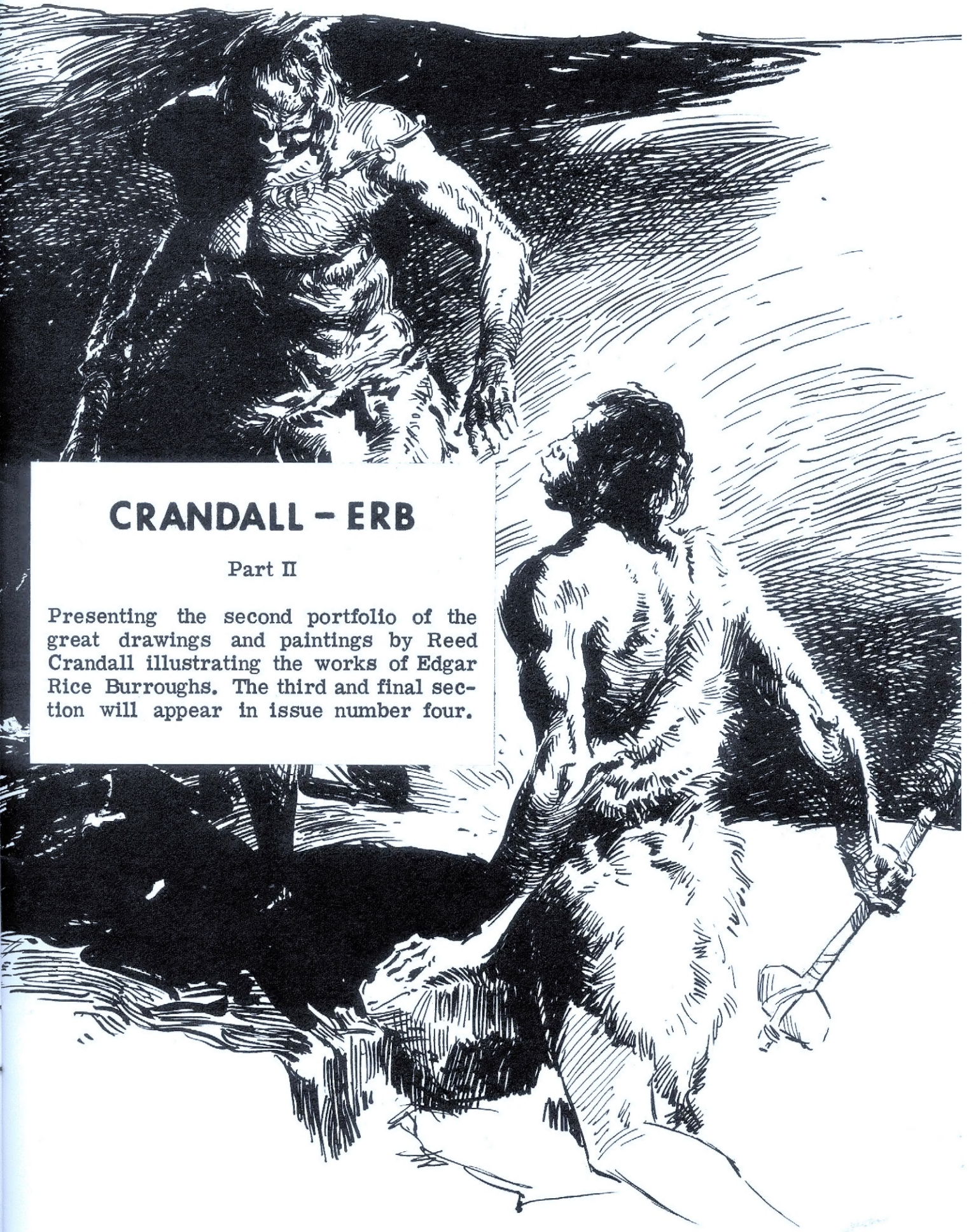
In worldly-wizened air condition
The Wizard of the Wierd
Meditates on his position
And strokes his long grey beard.
The mealy mouth moves with a creak
And slowly sallies forth,
So blandly it begins to speak,
"I think, for what it's worth,
That those too deadly dumb to die
Most often go beserk,
But no one seems amused much by
The queerness of this quirk."

poetry by
RALPH REESE

illustration by
LEO and DIANE DILLON

prophesies
of the past
rattling in the static
that comes
when the buttons
are pushed
fading
as a candle
in the silent explosion
of future's dream
with never a
rhyme or reason
and the face of
society
frozen in mirthless glee.

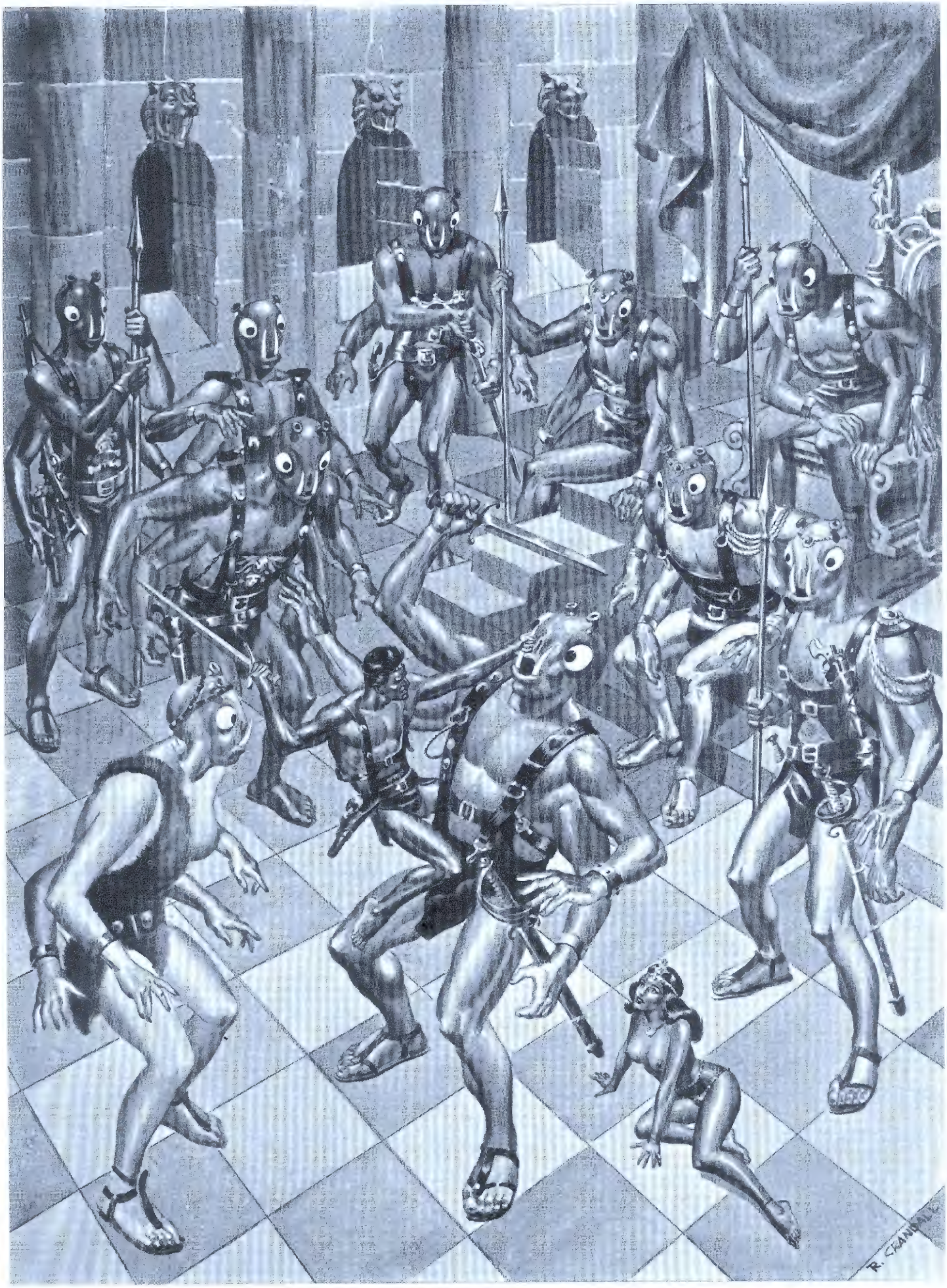
A summer's day
A rainy night
And it's over
Already
And that was
All there is
A face
Lips moving
But words are
Gone
Only sounds
And the eyes
Dying
Say a silent prayer
For peace
A kiss
A moment
But always
A chasm
And no wings
And nothing
To remember

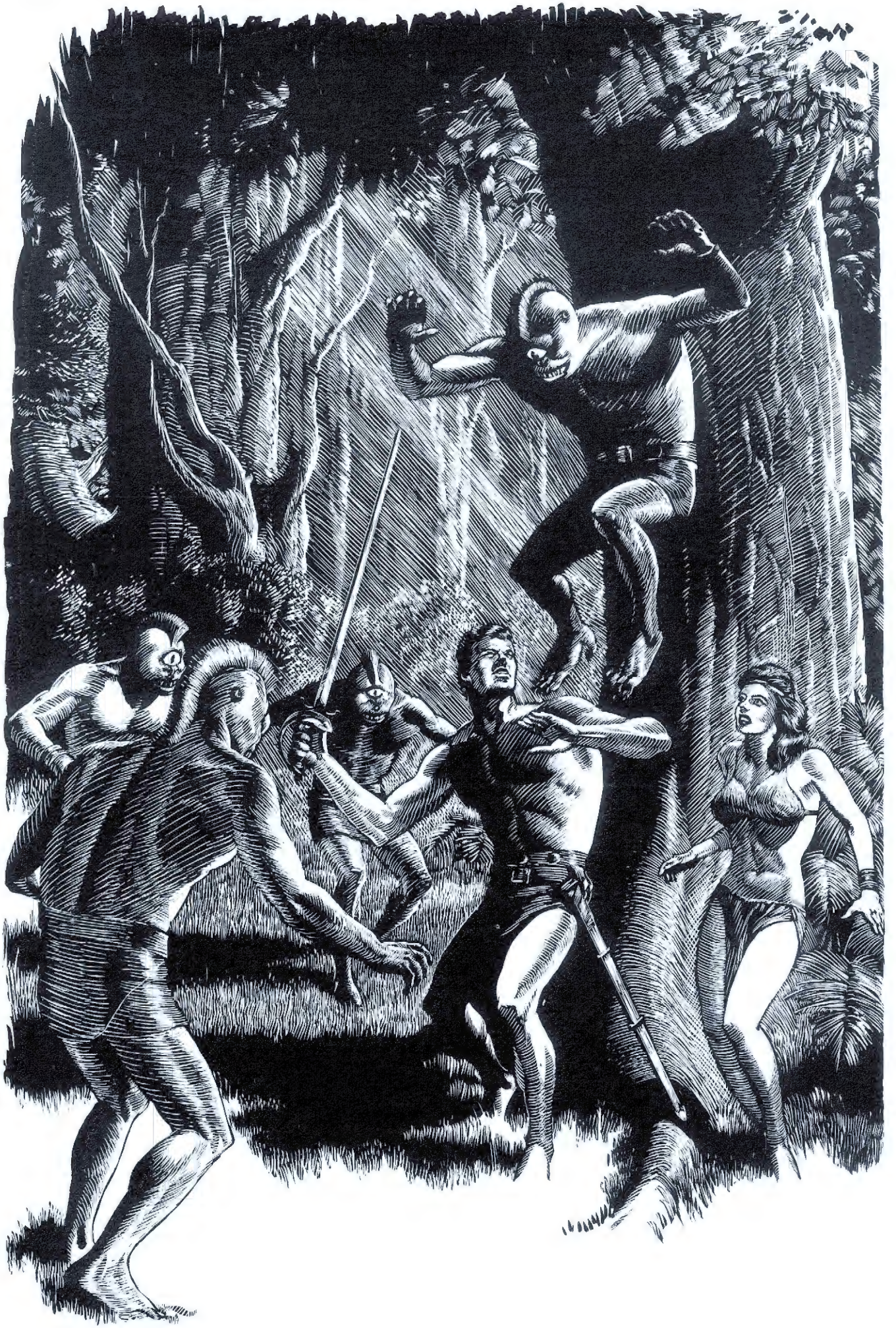


CRANDALL - ERB

Part II

Presenting the second portfolio of the great drawings and paintings by Reed Crandall illustrating the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs. The third and final section will appear in issue number four.

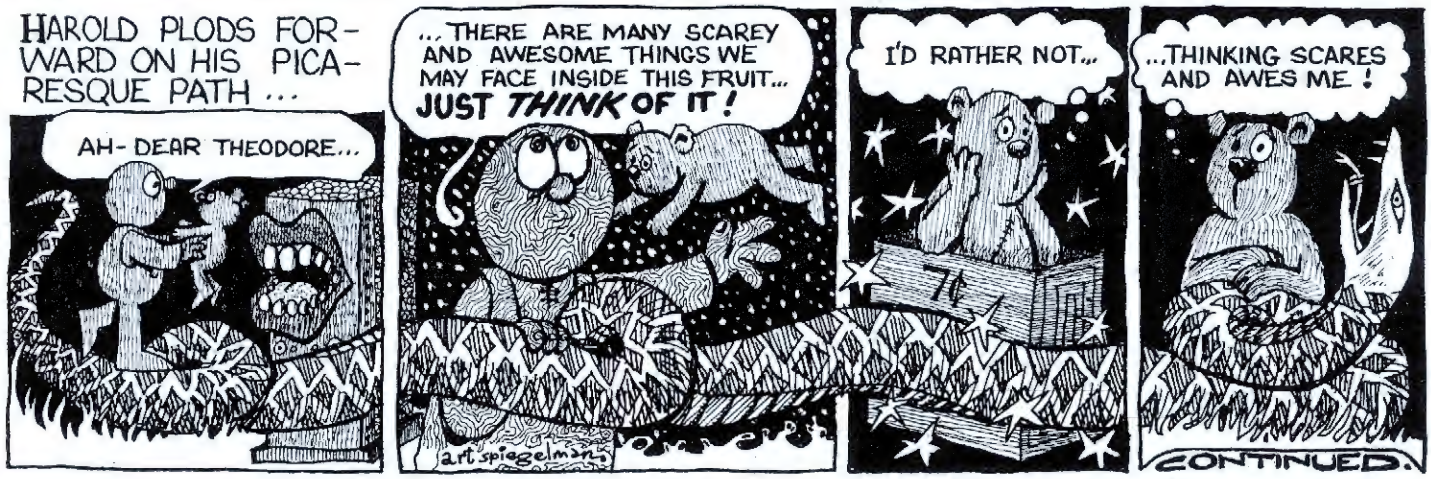

R. CRANDALL



AT A BUSY INTERSECTION, BLIND LITTLE HAROLD SUNSHINE PLYS HIS HUMBLE TRADE...
SHOE LACES!... PENCILS!... CAULIFLOWER SEEDS!
7¢
Copyright © Art Spiegelman 1967
JOHN LAW, OUR HERO'S ARCH NEMESIS, APPEARS, SEEMINGLY FROM NOWHERE!
gasp
HAROLD IS NOT LEGALLY BLIND, YOU SEE. ONLY ONE (1) THOUGHT COURSES THROUGH HIM....
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!
LITTLE HAROLD SUNSHINE TAKES TO HIS HEELS....
art spiegelman
...AND HIDES IN A NEAR-BY TANGERINE!
TO BE CONTINUED.
SYNOPSIS: LAST TIME, AS YOU MAY REMEMBER, NOTHING HAPPENED. NOTHING EVER DOES.
BLIND LITTLE HAROLD SUNSHINE WANDERS INSIDE THE TANGERINE.
THE "ORANGE-YOU-GLAD-I-DIDN'T-SAY-BANANAS" SINGERS LOOM IN HIS PATH...
HEY MR TANGERINE MAN...
WE ALL LIVED IN A YELLOW TANGERINE...
CAMPTOWN LADIES SING THIS SONG DOO-DA... ...DOO-DA!
art spiegelman
UH - WOULD YOU BUY SOME CAULIFLOWER SEEDS, GOOD SIRS?
LORDY, WHAT A STRANGE COMIC STRIP!
7¢
CONT'D
THE SINGERS SPEAK:
YOU MUST TRAVEL PAST THE TERRORS OF THE MENACING MUSHROOMS...
...AND PAST THE AWESOME EVILS OF THE BOTTOMLESS ORANGE PITS...
...TO SERVE THE KING!
NOW, A-GO-GO ON YOUR WAY!
B-BUT why?
art spiegelman
WELL...
...IT'S SOMETHING TO DO!
CONT'D
LITTLE HAROLD SUNSHINE RECALLS THE SINGERS WARNINGS...
YOU MUST TRAVEL PAST THE TERRORS OF THE MENACING MUSHROOMS...
...AND PAST THE AWESOME EVILS OF THE BOTTOMLESS ORANGE PITS...
TO SERVE THE KING.
SO..... HE TRAVELS PAST THE TERRORS OF THE MENACING MUSHROOMS...
AND PAST THE AWESOME EVILS OF THE BOTTOMLESS ORANGE PITS...
COME ON DOWN!
CONT'D

a very strange comic strip

Synopsis — Blind Little Harold Sunshine is hiding in a tangerine. He intends to serve the king.

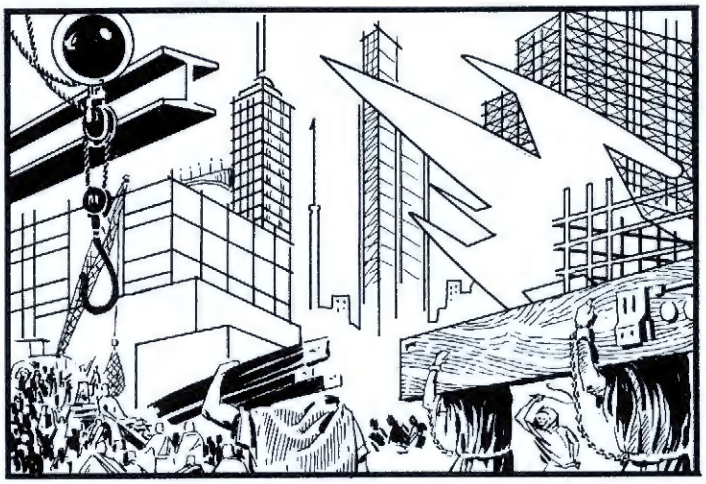


YES, FOLKS, THIS IS YOUR *LAST CHANCE* TO COME ON DOWN AND LOOK OVER OUR STOCK!... AND MAYBE EVEN *BE* ONE!...SO *Y'ALL COME!* WITH EVERY CAN OF FOLGER'S COFFEE, WE'RE GIVING AWAY A BRAND-NEW CHEVY IMPALA! *YAHOO! NOW'S THE TIME!*

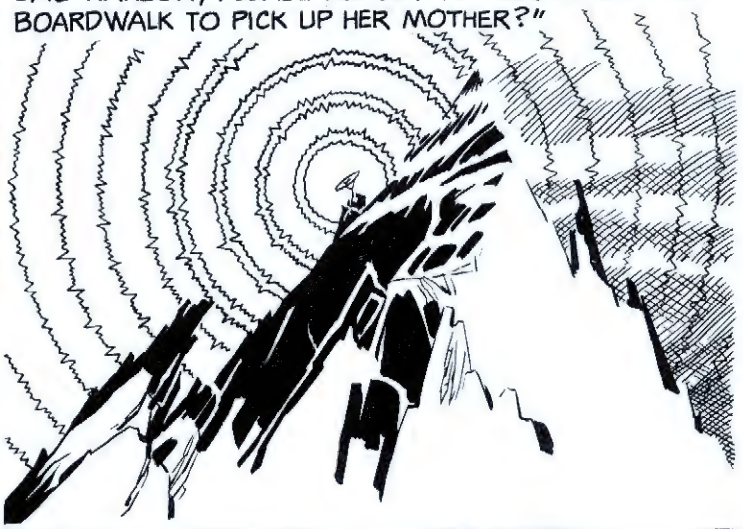
YES-PLAY WITH YOUR CELLS, AND BECOME YOUR OWN FOOD!

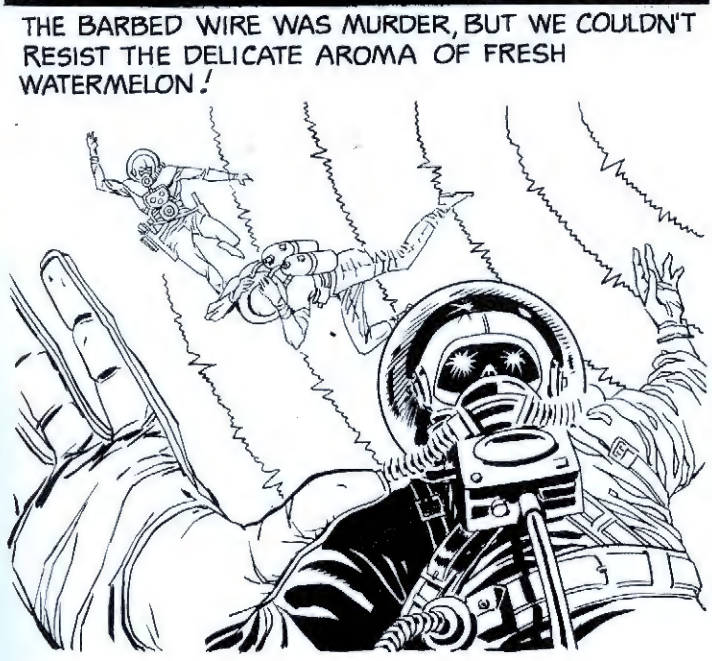
HEY LOOK!
© Harvey Kurtzman 1967
I HAVE ALL THESE BATTERIES BUT I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONES ARE GOOD!
TEST 'EM!
YOU CAN TEST 'EM BY TASTE! IF THEY TASTE SOUR, THEY'RE GOOD!
HM!
TASTES GOOD!
NK!
CHOMP!
UK!
THEY SURE ARE GOOD!
TK!
BURP!
URP!
ALL THE BATT'RIES ARE GONE!
IT'S GETTING DARK.. AND..
HEY!
MY NOSE IS ALL LIT UP BY 'LECTRICITY FROM THE BATT'RIES!!
THIS IS PERFECT FOR SHAVING!
..AND PERFECT FOR READING IN BED!
H.Kurtz
..NEXT MORNING..
GOOD MORNING! DID YOU SLEEP WELL?
NO! I COULDN'T TURN OFF THE READING LAMP!

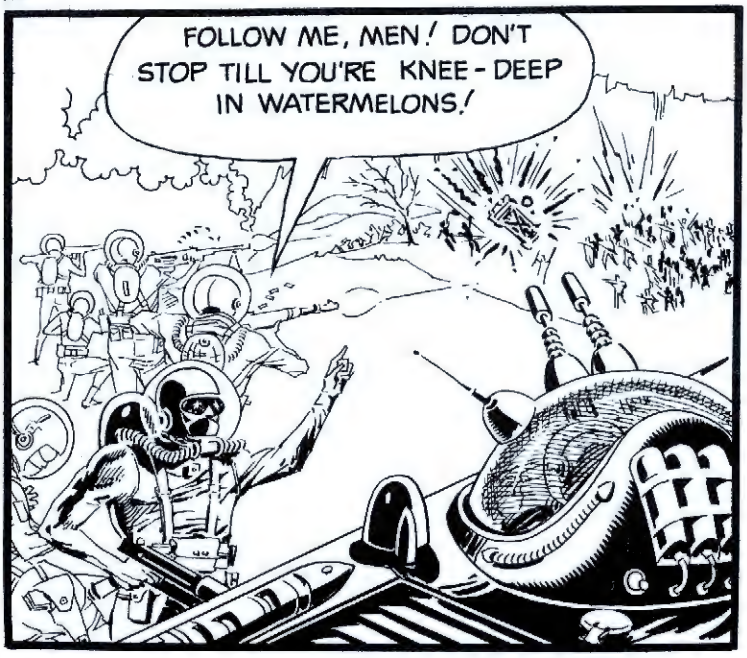
EPILOGUE: I SUPPOSE BY THIS TIME I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO SENSITIVE WHEN THEY LAUGHED AT MY FUNNY EARS...


BUT I COULDN'T FORGET THE BOTCHED UP JOB THOSE WINO CARPENTERS HAD MADE OF OUR TREE-HOUSE, AND OF THE EFFORT IT HAD TAKEN TO UNDO THE DAMAGE...

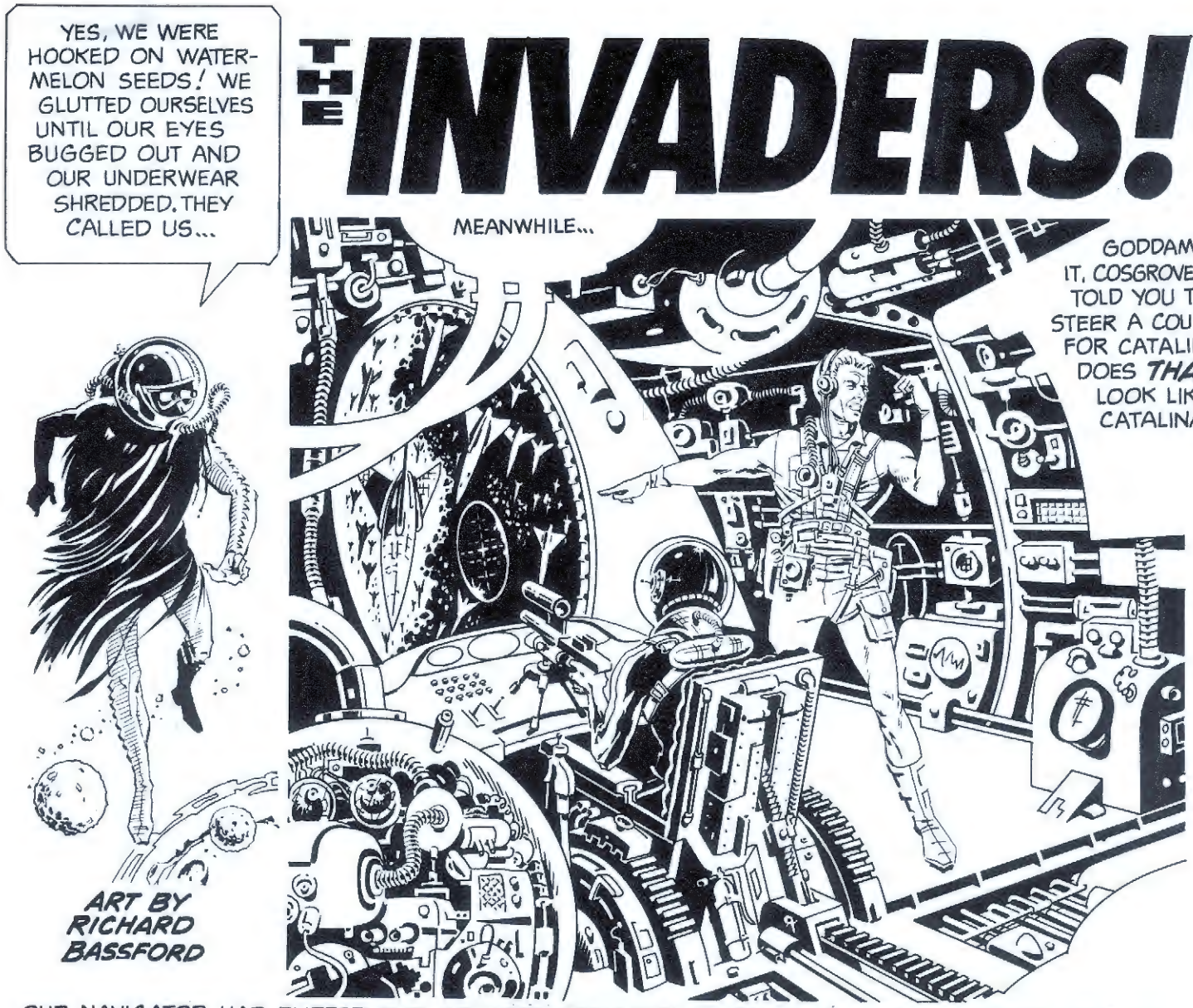
AND I KEPT REMEMBERING THE WAY IT HAD BEEN THAT SUMMER... MONTHS OF LAUGHTER AND GAMES, TRAPPING SQUIRRELS.


WHO CAN FORGET THAT POIGNANT MESSAGE AS IT WAS BROADCAST THROUGHOUT THE BEACH AREA: "WOULD MRS. GINSBERG OF 313 TONAWANDA AVENUE, SAG HARBOR, PLEASE REPORT TO AREA 3 ON THE BOARDWALK TO PICK UP HER MOTHER?"

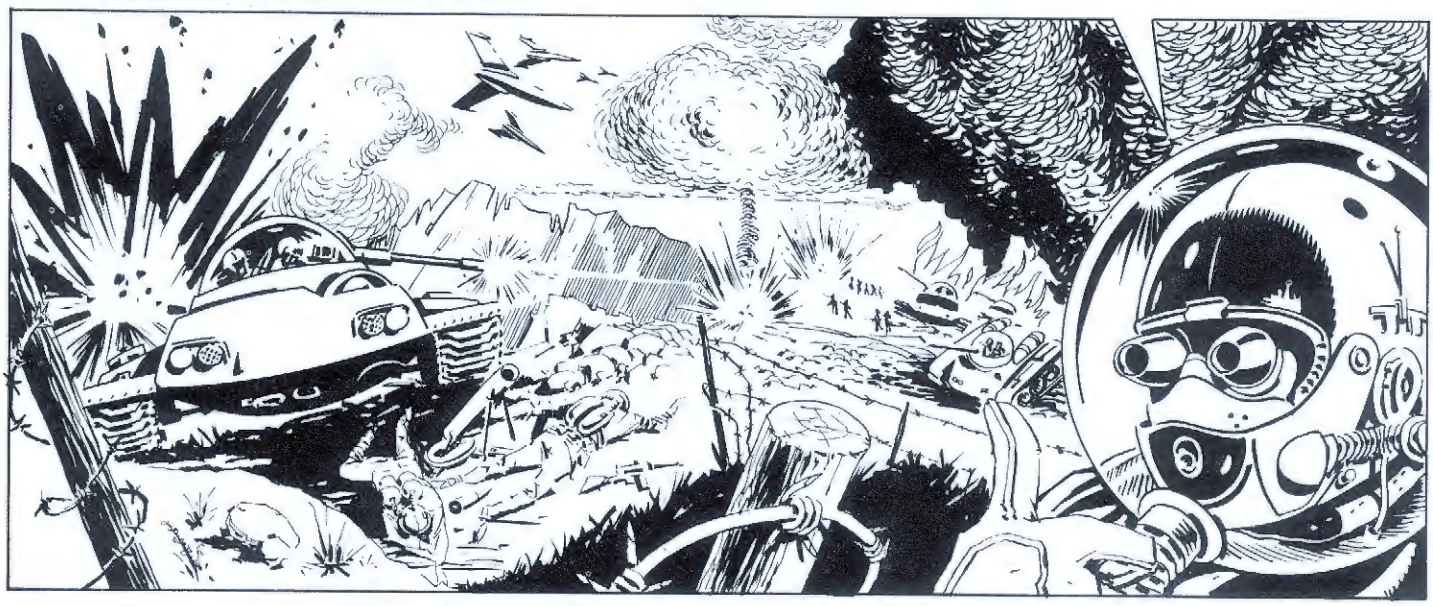

THE BARBED WIRE WAS MURDER, BUT WE COULDN'T RESIST THE DELICATE AROMA OF FRESH WATERMELON!


FOLLOW ME, MEN! DON'T STOP TILL YOU'RE KNEE-DEEP IN WATERMELONS!

THE INVADERS!



OUR NAVIGATOR HAD FLIPPED OUT. WE WERE GROUNDED ON CONEY ISLAND, AND SURROUNDED BY HOSTILE BATHERS! IT WAS PAINFULLY OBVIOUS THERE WEREN'T ANY WATERMELONS WITHIN MILES. IRONICALLY, THERE ARE NO WATERMELONS ON CATALINA, EITHER. THERE AREN'T EVEN ANY CANTALOUPES ON CATALINA.



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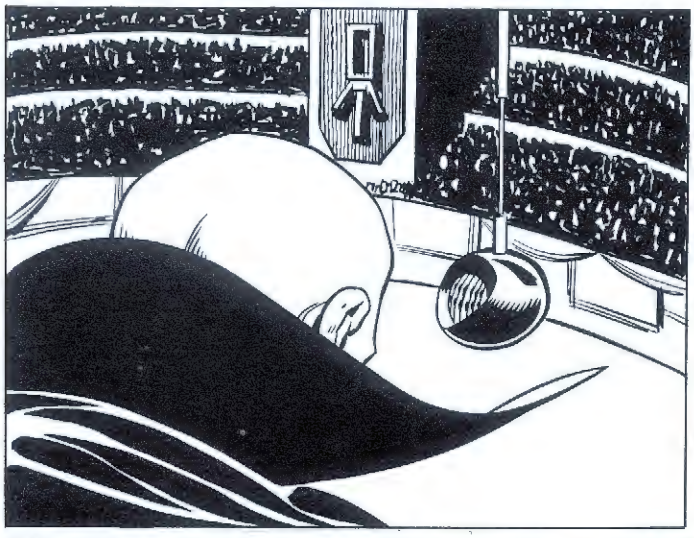
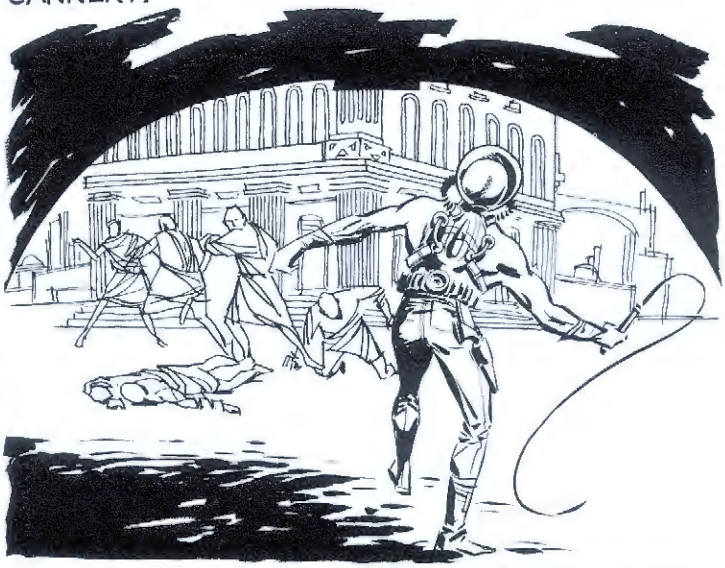
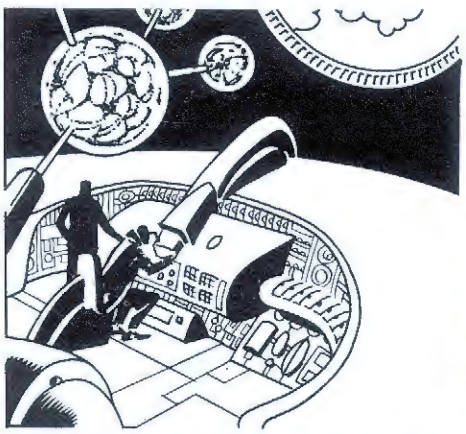
MEANWHILE, THE MAYOR OF SAG HARBOR CALLED A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE TOWN COUNCIL: "FIRST OF ALL, IT'S BEEN DEFINITELY ESTABLISHED THAT BALDNESS IS A SIGN OF VIRILITY!"



BUT HIS SPEECH CAME TOO LATE--ONCE GENTLE CITIZENS WERE STORMING THE WATERMELON CANNERY!

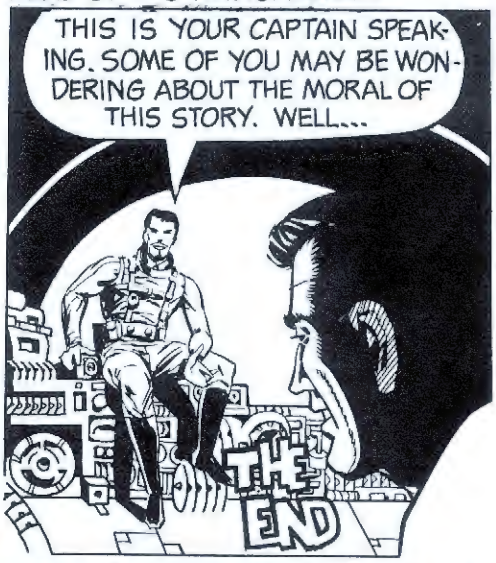


THE CAPTAIN'S HOARSE WHISPER SENT A CHILL OF TERROR UP THE NAVIGATOR'S SPINE..."HURRY, COSGROVE, HURRY! I KEEP IMAGINING IMMENSE WATERMELON SEEDS HANGING OVER OUR HEADS!"



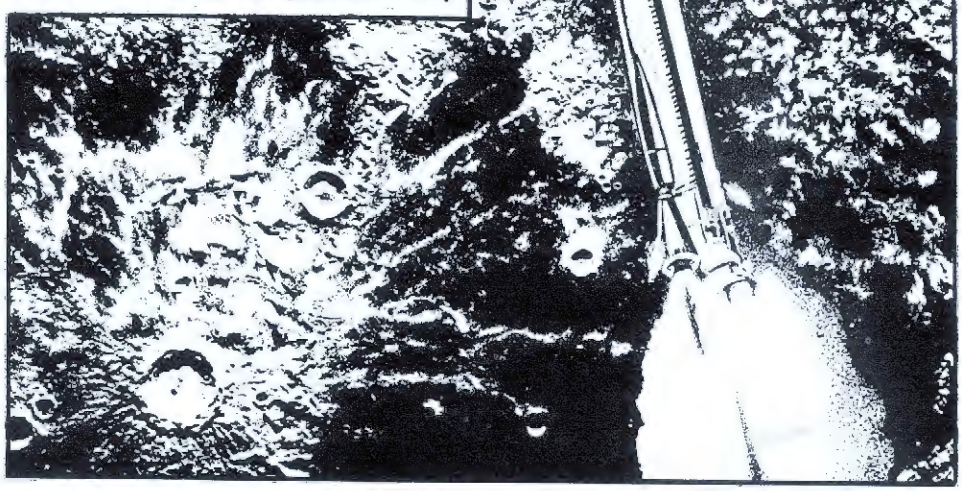
WITH A MIGHTY THRUST OF POWER, THE SPACESHIPS DRAW AWAY FROM THE BADLY DRAWN EARTH...

INSIDE, AMONG THE CLUTTER OF KNOBS, SPROCKETS, AND THE MOUNTED HEAD OF HIS NAVIGATOR...



HEH, HEH! YES, DEAR READER, YOU SEE, THOSE TERRIBLE, SMOOTH-SKINNED ALIENS WERE ACTUALLY THE ORIGINAL EARTH SPECIES. WE DEFEATED THEM BACK IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

THE INFINITY OF SPACE! A MILLION SUNS AND A MILLION WORLDS FOR THESE NASTY RASCALS TO ROAM! AND SOMEWHERE, INEVITABLY, ERE THE DIMMING OF TIME..THERE'S BOUND TO BE A MELON PATCH SOMEWHERE!



TO BE CONTINUED

the Chase
by Roger Brand cs
YOU MUST KNOW THAT IF YOU KILL ME, YOU'LL BE CAUGHT, THEY'LL NEVER STOP HUNTING YOU-
YOU CAN'T EVER HIDE, ANYWHERE- ...YOU CAN'T DO IT, YOU-
...WHERE HAVE I EVER HAD TO HIDE? THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN AFTER ME
DON'T I MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU? HOW CAN YOU JUST, SHOOT ME, KILL ME, DEFENSELESS?
WHY SHOULD YOU MEAN ANYTHING TO ME?...
...I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU...!
YES!! RIGHT!!
...YOU DON'T KNOW ME! I'VE NEVER HURT YOU, SEEN YOU, THOUGHT BAD THOUGHTS OF YOU--I, I--
...IF YOU HAD, I WOULD BE EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED WITH YOU!
"...I COULDN'T EVER KILL YOU THEN."
"WHY, WHY, WHY KILL ME AT ALL?"
"BECAUSE I WANT TO KILL SOMEONE."
"BUT WHY ME? YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO KILL ME! I'M NOT EVIL, I DON'T HURT PEOPLE, I, I, I, IF YOU WERE IN TROUBLE, I'D HELP YOU..."
...YOU CAN'T... JUST, JUST... WHY, JUST TELL ME, TELL ME WHY?
OF COURSE, I'VE NO RIGHT TO KILL YOU...

...IF I HAD, IF YOU HURT PEOPLE, I'D HATE YOU!
I'D BE EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED WITH YOU...
...I'D TRY TO REASON WITH YOU, YOU CAN'T KNOW HOW REASONABLE I AM, USUALLY. AND I'D TRY TO REASON WITH YOU, AND I COULD NEVER KILL YOU. ...BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
I WANT TO KILL SOMEONE, FOR NO REASON. I JUST DO.
AND YOU, I JUST CAME ACROSS YOU. IF I HAD REASON TO KILL YOU, SPECIFICALLY YOU, I COULDN'T KILL YOU. THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN KILL ANYONE, YOU SEE?
...DON'T YOU SEE?
...DO YOU?
I, I'M TRYING...TO BE LOGICAL.-LOGICAL...I ...THINK YOU...WANT ME TO...BEG, PLEAD... GROVEL, AND I, I,
...TELL ME, IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT ME TO-
-HEY, NO, I DON'T-
-I MEAN, LOOK, I WILL-...I'M TRYING TO SAVE MY LIFE-..IS,
...IS THAT WHAT ...YOU WANT ME TO DO...BEG?
...NO!...NO, I DON'T
..."NO", OKAY,...THEN,...I THINK I CAN...LIVE IF I, ONLY IF I AM...CALM ...REASONABLE..
...DO ...MY RIGHTS MEAN NOTHING TO YOU...?
"DON'T GET ME WRONG, I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO INFRINGE ON YOUR RIGHTS."
...NO! YOU DON'T! ...NO, YOU DON'T, YOU DON'T HAVE TO-
-I DO, TO KILL YOU...
"NO, YOU NEEDN'T KILL ME!...YOU CAN GET THE SAME SATISFACTION SO MANY WAYS ELSE, GET DRUNK, PICK FIGHTS-", PLEADED THE VICTIM...
...WHO, IN HIS BEWILDERED PANIC-
-WONDERED STUPIDLY IF HE HAD ANY APPOINTMENTS...

...YOU'RE TRYING TO **STALL** ME...! YOU **THINK I'M** MAD, DON'T YOU...?

"I...NO, NO, I,--"

"DON'T BE ABSURD. OF COURSE YOU DO. WHAT YOU DON'T REALIZE IS, I KNOW I'M INSANE, BY PSYCHOLOGY'S STANDARDS. AND I HAVE NO QUARREL. I'M NUTS.. ALL RIGHT... SO WHAT..?

"...I DON'T CARE. I'M SATISFYING A DESIRE, TO KILL SOMEONE, AND YOU CAN'T TELL ME I'M WRONG, BECAUSE IT'S NOT UP TO YOU. IT'S ALL ARBITRARY, RIGHT? ALL YOUR THOUGHTS, ACTIONS, ALL OF MINE, BEGIN WITH UNPROVABLE ASSUMPTIONS, RIGHT? RIGHT?...YOU CAN'T SAY I'M WRONG. OF COURSE, I CAN'T SAY IT'S UP TO ME, EITHER... BUT I DON'T CARE. ALL I CARE ABOUT IS WHAT I WANT TO DO: KILL SOMEBODY:...YOU. SO I'M GOING TO. IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT..."

...YOU'RE GOING TO DIE

THE VICTIM'S HANDS AND EYEBROWS TWITCHED AND DARTED UNCONTROLLABLY WITH FRUSTRATION AND USELESSNESS. HE KNEW THAT NEITHER LOGIC NOR EMOTIONAL COW-TOWING COULD SAVE HIS LIFE. A FINAL DIRECTION OF DESPERATION OCCURRED TO HIM: IF HE COULD MAKE HIS OPPONENT ANGRY, THE MADMAN MIGHT SEE HIM AS AN INDIVIDUAL, WITH WHOM HE WAS "EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED"...

HE TRIED ACTING CONTEMPTUOUS...

...CONDESCENDING...

...AND BORED.

FINALLY IT WORKED: THE MANIAC BECAME ANGRY.

YOU FORGET ...WHILE I AM PRECISELY WHAT YOU THINK I AM ...A MADMAN...

I STILL AM NOT *STUPID*. ...YOU'VE SUCCEEDED IN ANGERING ME, BUT I WON'T BE DIVERTED...

...BUT IF IT'S GIVES YOU ANY SATISFACTION

I AM ANGRY AS *HELL*...!!

ONE OF THE SIX BULLETS TORE THE VICTIM'S STOMACH · TWO NESTED ONE IN EACH ARM.

BLAM BLAM

BLAM

...THE OTHER THREE MISSED COMPLETELY, THOUGH TWO OF THEM HIT AN INNOCENT PASSERBY...

THE KILLER WALKED OFF TO URINATE (COULDN'T) AND RETURNED, ANGRIER YET, TO SEE FOUR WAITING POLICEMEN.

ME

HE RAN, COUNTING ON THE POLICE BEING TRAINED WELL ENOUGH TO REMEMBER NOT TO FIRE AT HIM IN A CROWD...

HE RAN OUT OF THE OFFICE BUILDING, DOWN BRICK STEPS, PAST A BRICK WALL OF A HALF-DOZEN BRICK BUILDINGS AND AROUND THE CORNER AT A FORTY-DEGREE ANGLE...

HA! CORNERED THE BASTARD!

...TO FIND HIMSELF IN A BLIND ALLEY.

CATTON DOGGEREL

Owen Morley is a bounder
That much I know for certain
For he's gone and made a dash
Behind the ruddy Iron Curtain!

EX ASPIRATION

Contemplate the human race
But give me the middle class
The heroes of the market place
Polishing the bosses' brass

In office and in industry
We find in sets of noble poses
Tomorrow's men of destiny
Digging gold mines with their noses.

Wood

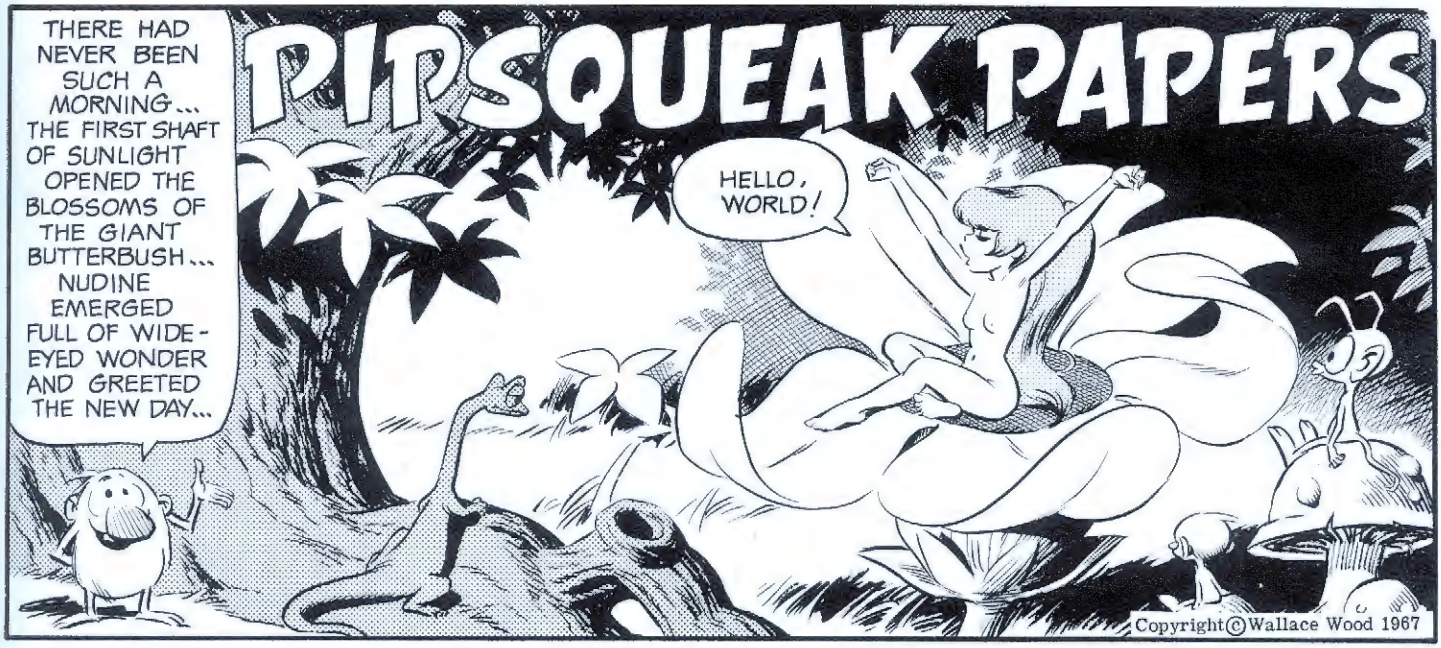
THE ABILENE KID

Of all the mean villains who roamed the wild west
There was one much more nasty than all of the rest.
It is simply too awful to tell all he did...
That black-hearted scoundrel, the Abilene Kid!

His guns roared in anger for the vaguest cause
And he broke, at least once, every one of the laws.
But no matter how many the rascal mowed down,
Folks laughed themselves silly when he came to town.

The Abilene Kid was a killer, it's true —
But he had one dark secret that everyone knew.
The fact is, that hombre was an out and out fake,
An aging ex-barber from up near Salt Lake.

Wild Bill


PIPSQUEAK PAPERS
THERE HAD NEVER BEEN SUCH A MORNING... THE FIRST SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT OPENED THE BLOSSOMS OF THE GIANT BUTTERBUSH... NUDINE EMERGED FULL OF WIDE-EYED WONDER AND GREETED THE NEW DAY...
HELLO, WORLD!
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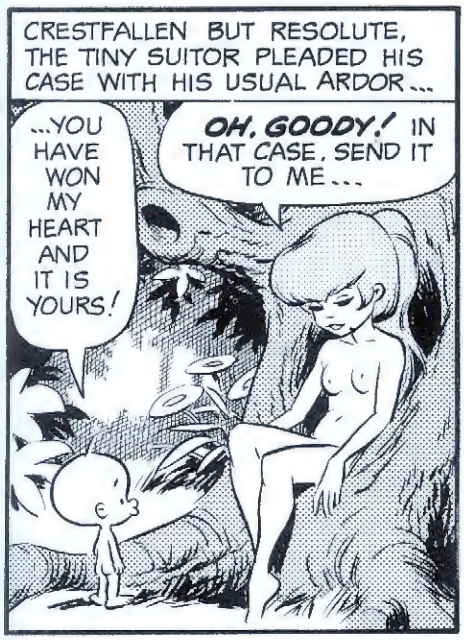
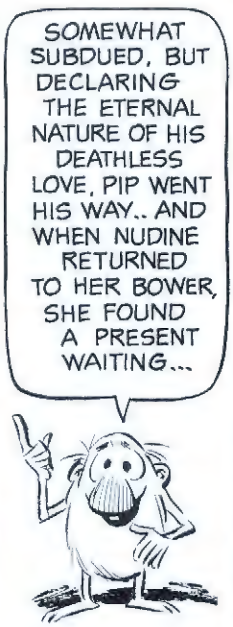
COMING UPON A HUMANOID FIGURE, SHE ASKED HER ETERNAL QUESTION...
ARE YOU A MAN?

SHE RECEIVED NO REPLY, AND THEREFORE FELL IN LOVE AT ONCE.. BUT DETERMINED TO RESUME HER QUEST, WHEN...
I'M A MAN AND I LOVE YOU

IT WAS PIP, WHO PERIODICALLY APPEARED TO PROFESS HIS UNDYING DEVOTION...
I LOVE YOU TOO, PIP... BUT YOU'RE JUST A BABY MAN!

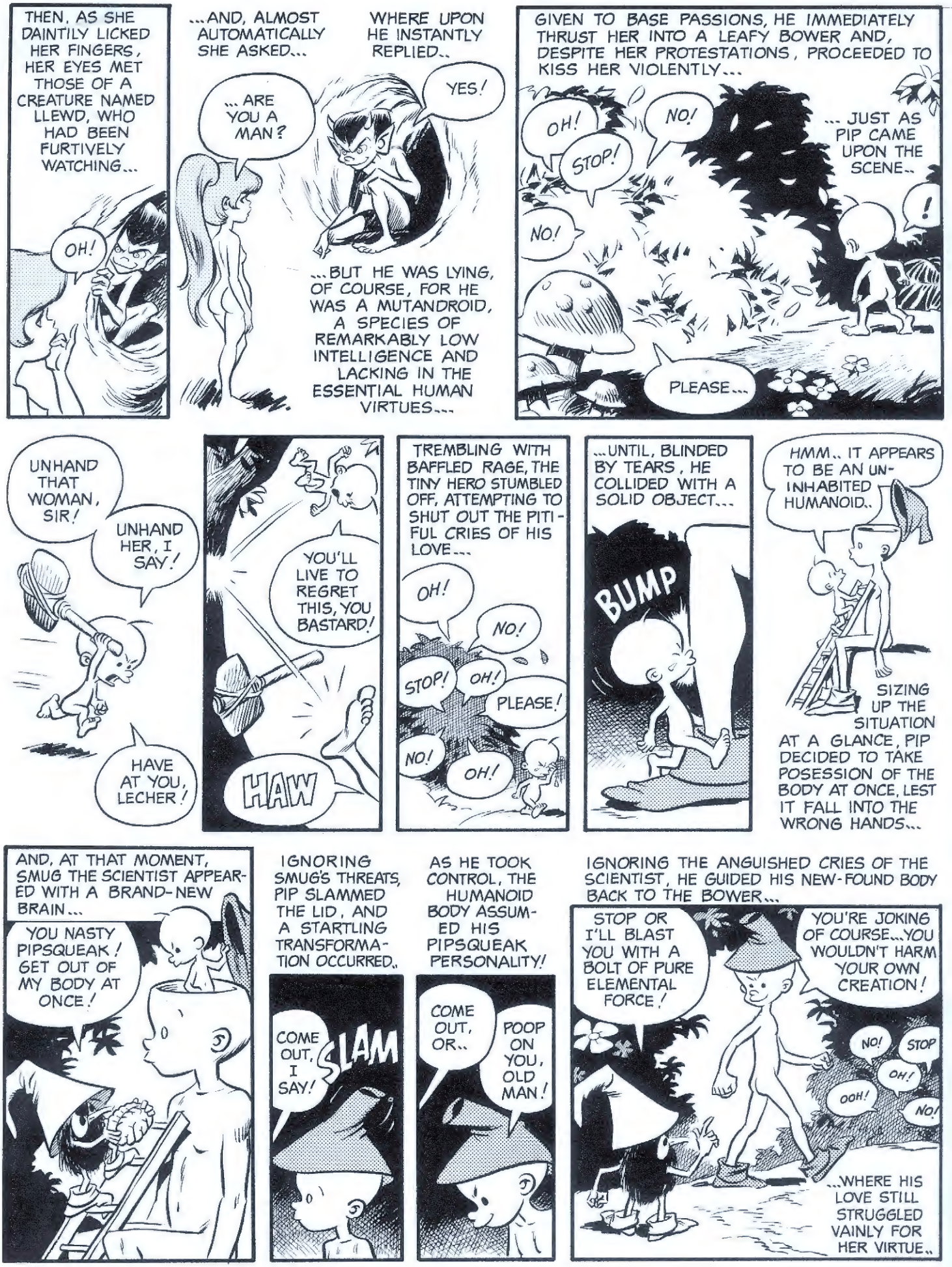
... AND THERE ARE CERTAIN PROBLEMS...
LIKE WHAT?
LIKE HOW WOULD WE EVER CONSUMMATE THE THING?
OH!


CRESTFALLEN BUT RESOLUTE, THE TINY SUITOR PLEADED HIS CASE WITH HIS USUAL ARDOR...
...YOU HAVE WON MY HEART AND IT IS YOURS!
OH, GOODY! IN THAT CASE, SEND IT TO ME...

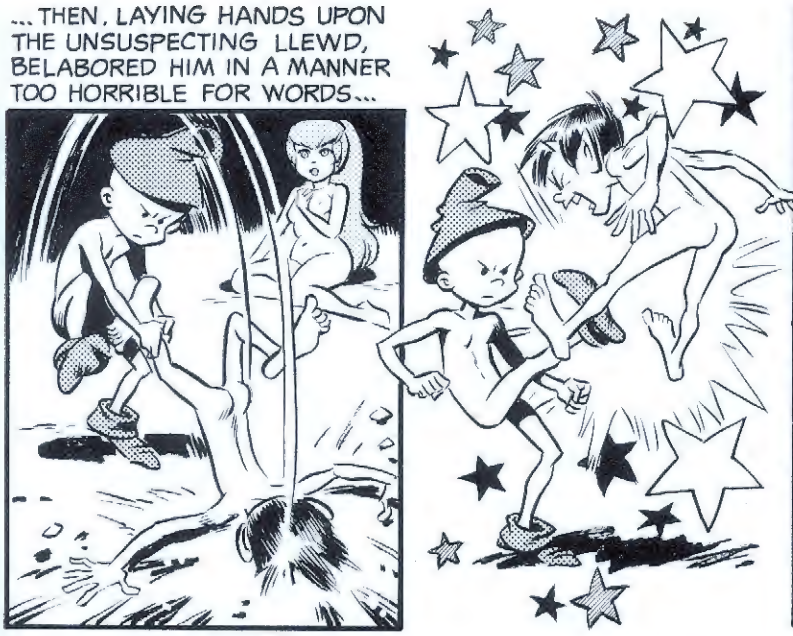

SOMEWHAT SUBDUED, BUT DECLARING THE ETERNAL NATURE OF HIS DEATHLESS LOVE, PIP WENT HIS WAY.. AND WHEN NUDINE RETURNED TO HER BOWER, SHE FOUND A PRESENT WAITING...

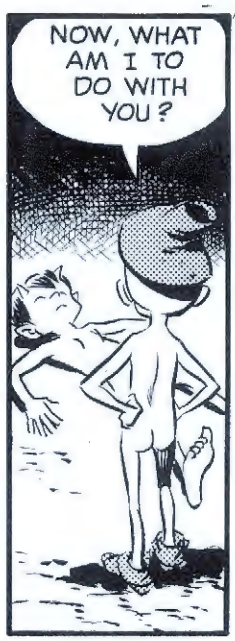
OPENING THE PACKAGE EAGERLY, SHE EXTRACTED ITS CONTENTS WITH A GLAD LITTLE CRY...
OH! A HEART! OH! FOR ME!

...AND TOOK IT, AND LOVINGLY PREPARED IT AND COOKED IT...
...AND ATE IT.


THEN, AS SHE DAINTILY LICKED HER FINGERS, HER EYES MET THOSE OF A CREATURE NAMED LLEWD, WHO HAD BEEN FURTIVELY WATCHING...
OH!
...AND, ALMOST AUTOMATICALLY SHE ASKED...
... ARE YOU A MAN?
WHERE UPON HE INSTANTLY REPLIED..
YES!
...BUT HE WAS LYING, OF COURSE, FOR HE WAS A MUTANDROID, A SPECIES OF REMARKABLY LOW INTELLIGENCE AND LACKING IN THE ESSENTIAL HUMAN VIRTUES...
GIVEN TO BASE PASSIONS, HE IMMEDIATELY THRUST HER INTO A LEAFY BOWER AND, DESPITE HER PROTESTATIONS, PROCEEDED TO KISS HER VIOLENTLY...
OH!
NO!
STOP!
NO!
PLEASE...
... JUST AS PIP CAME UPON THE SCENE..
!
UNHAND THAT WOMAN, SIR!
UNHAND HER, I SAY!
HAVE AT YOU, LECHER!
YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET THIS, YOU BASTARD!
HAW
TREMBLING WITH BAFFLED RAGE, THE TINY HERO STUMBLED OFF, ATTEMPTING TO SHUT OUT THE PITIFUL CRIES OF HIS LOVE...
OH!
NO!
STOP!
OH!
PLEASE!
NO!
OH!
...UNTIL, BLINDED BY TEARS, HE COLLIDED WITH A SOLID OBJECT...
BUMP
HMM.. IT APPEARS TO BE AN UNINHABITED HUMANOID..
SIZING UP THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE, PIP DECIDED TO TAKE POSESSION OF THE BODY AT ONCE, LEST IT FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS...
AND, AT THAT MOMENT, SMUG THE SCIENTIST APPEARED WITH A BRAND-NEW BRAIN...
YOU NASTY PIPSQUEAK! GET OUT OF MY BODY AT ONCE!
IGNORING SMUG'S THREATS, PIP SLAMMED THE LID, AND A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION OCCURRED..
COME OUT, I SAY!
SLAM
AS HE TOOK CONTROL, THE HUMANOID BODY ASSUMED HIS PIPSQUEAK PERSONALITY!
COME OUT, OR..
POOP ON YOU, OLD MAN!
IGNORING THE ANGUISHED CRIES OF THE SCIENTIST, HE GUIDED HIS NEW-FOUND BODY BACK TO THE BOWER...
STOP OR I'LL BLAST YOU WITH A BOLT OF PURE ELEMENTAL FORCE!
YOU'RE JOKING OF COURSE...YOU WOULDN'T HARM YOUR OWN CREATION!
NO!
STOP
OH!
OOH!
NO!
...WHERE HIS LOVE STILL STRUGGLED VAINLY FOR HER VIRTUE..

...THEN, LAYING HANDS UPON THE UNSUSPECTING LLEWD, BELABORED HIM IN A MANNER TOO HORRIBLE FOR WORDS...



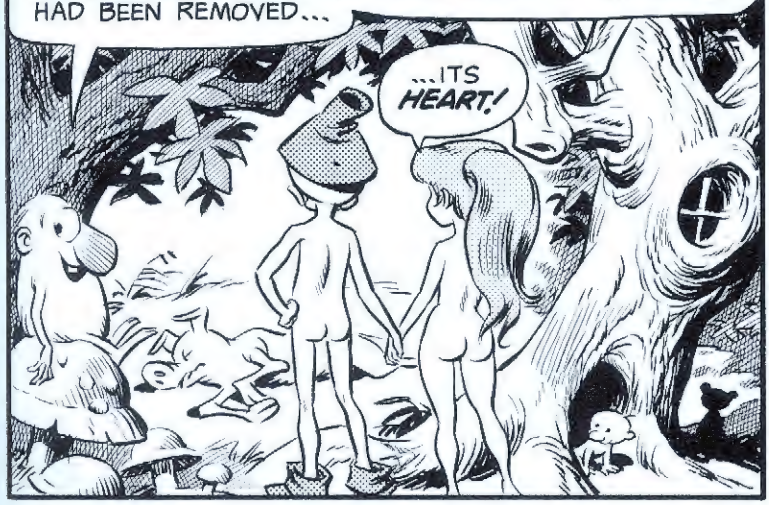


..AS THEY PONDERED THE QUESTION, THE FALLEN LLEWD RECOVERED HIS SENSES SOMEWHAT...

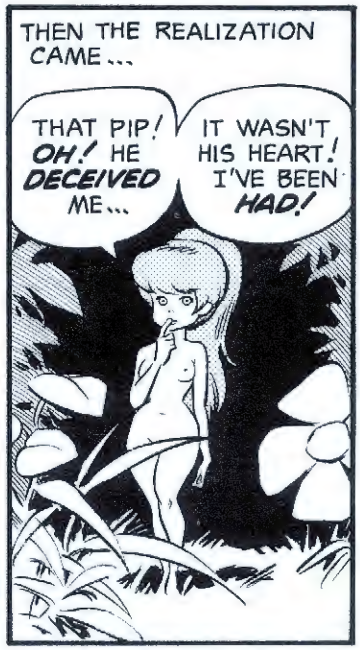
..AND DISCREETLY REMOVED HIMSELF TO SAFER GROUND..

...AND THEN NUDINE REALLY LOOKED AT HER RESCUER FOR THE FIRST TIME AND REALIZED THAT SHE HAD BEEN IN LOVE WITH HIM EVER SINCE THEIR FIRST MEETING..

AND SO NUDINE GOT HER MAN, AND PIP GOT THE GIRL HE LOVED (WITHOUT HER BEING ANY THE WISER) AND AS THEY BLISSFULLY STROLLED TOGETHER THROUGH THE BUTTERBUSH BLOSSOMS THEY CAME UPON THE CARCASS OF A TREE-PIG FROM WHICH A VITAL ORGAN HAD BEEN REMOVED...



THEN THE REALIZATION CAME...



OR, AS PIP WOULD PUT IT...

FICTION

Vanessa

by
SAM KOBISH

Her name is Vanessa, because that's what I call her.

Usually she doesn't wear any clothes at all. I prefer her naked... The clean whiteness of her body, the delight of my eye every hour of the day, the soft warmness of her, the delight of my body at nature's most subtle whim.

She was born on July 27th, 1970, which makes her only 23 at this writing. Only a child in years, but a matriarch of compassion, blessed with the serenity that would be expected only of one who has borne many children and learned the rewards of tolerance. When I'm anxious, when the pressure rises, Vanessa pulls my head between her breasts as though I were a babe in arms, and holds me there in that tender fold, lulling my senses with the beat of her heart until I'm calm again. I simply couldn't make it without her.

Vanessa is all woman, and all the woman I could hope to handle. Gentle as a kitten normally, she can turn mean as a hellcat if provoked. And it's happened a few times, I think understandably, and mostly on account of me. Well, no... completely on account of me and my occasional mood. Whenever I call her, she's there. Always the same, just as I love her to be. Smiling. Eager to please me with every move she makes. I suppose that's the reason I sometimes get angry. It makes me a little edgy at times to see her always with the same complacent attitude. I'll admit, I've slapped her a few times. Without a moments hesitation, then, she'll attack me with the fury of a demon witch. But it never lasts long. And it seems just as soon as my hostility wears thin, she melts again into my tender mate, forgiving me as though it had never happened.

But truly, this is a seldom occurrence. We spend days, she and I, in perfect harmony, performing our routine tasks as they were assigned.

Vanessa's eyes are blue-green, and heavy-lidded. The sockets set very deep, giving her face a lovely dramatic shadow. Her cheekbones are high, almost like those of a classic American Indian. Her lips are full and a deep rich red.

She has golden hair. Not blonde, or even yellow... but golden, shining like a brilliant nova in the galaxy.

She dances for me. Innocently seductive or blatantly erotic, whichever is my choice. And not at all self-conscious or awkward, despite her innately modest nature. Delicate but full-fleshed, she has the grace of a wild young doe... swirling sheer silk about her as if she were teasing the patrons of a cellar cafe in the Casbah. Eagerly she writhes to the rhythmic beat, controlling the muscles of her blushing body like a precision machine. And when the dance is over, my Vanessa falls limp into my waiting arms. Panting, moist, and supplicant to my desire.

I study her, trying to retain the magnificence of her and cherish it with the full intensity of my awareness. Her neck... softly I touch the throat, feel the hot blood coursing beneath my fingers. Her breasts... wondrously white. Erect and proud, but magically pneumatic to the caress of my hands, my lips. Her nipples are the most subtle pink, somehow still starkly in contrast to the marshmallow tone of her breasts.

Vanessa's body is a delight to me. I tell her so, and she responds with a charm unexcelled, divine. In this way we make love, hour upon hour. We're perfect together, and never is one sated but the other content. We sleep the sleep of the angels in heaven, locked in loving embrace.

Having a great deal of time, naturally I've come to know most every detail of her life. I was surprised at how much the girl had packed into her short life, and she's kept me quite entranced for hours on end with humorous and exciting anecdotes out of her past. We have many things in common, in fact, and have come to share a philosophy that only two very close souls could formulate in such deep and personal terms.

I've laughed with her as she related the amusing incident when, as a young girl, her skirt had fallen around her legs at a birthday party... and cried with her as she recalled the painful memory of her mother's last few days of life.

She, in turn, sits quietly beside me, resting her head in my lap, listening patiently as I bore her with all the pent-up frustrations and dreams a man can store up in thirty-odd years. We'll eventually be parted, and we're both resigned to it. As I said at the outset, her strength and faithfulness is my only retention with sanity.

Without her warmth to comfort me, I'd freeze in this small compartment. It would be so cold here alone— cold as only the emptiness of eternity can be.

Psychologically, she's all I need, but sometimes I still remember.

Physically, she's almost perfect. Except her eyeballs keep popping out, and her tongue floats freely in her mouth when it's open. I assume it's the pressure, and suggest more extensive in-atmosphere testing on the next model.

LANE TRALLIS IS ALMOST AN ANIMAL NOW. IT WAS AN EVOLUTION, NOT A SUDDEN THING. HE EATS WITH HIS HANDS, WASHES RARELY, WEARS A LOINCLOTH ONLY TO PROTECT HIS GROIN AND AS A BELT IN WHICH TO HOLSTER HIS KNIFE. HIS WOMAN HE STOLE LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT, WHEN SHE WAS A SCRAWNY CHILD OF NINE, WHILE HER PARENTS PROBABLY DREAMED SWEET DREAMS OF ROASTING THE GIRL FOR A MIDDAY FEAST. ALL OF THIS LANE GENTLY EXPLAINED IN DETAIL AS HE RAPED HER REPEATEDLY IN REPLY TO HER TEARS. NOW SHE SHARES HIS FATE WITH FAITHFUL PASSIVITY, AS HE ***CHALLENGES*** FATE TO TAKE THE...

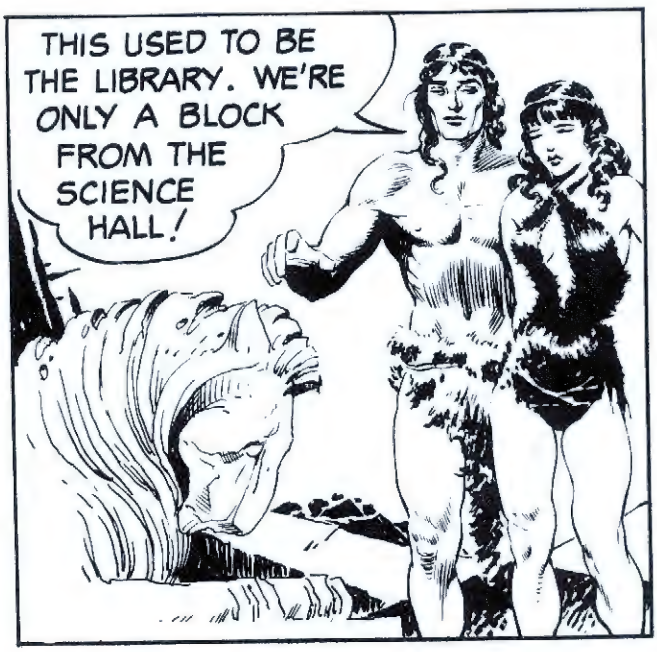
LAST CHANCE!

FROM THE SAFER HILLS THEY'VE COME ON A DESPERATE MISSION... FOR A LEGEND WAS BORN TO EASE THE DESPAIR OF THE FEW LIKE THESE WHO REMAIN. SELDOM WHISPERED, FOR PERSONAL MEETINGS ARE RARE--YET SCRATCHED IN THE WOOD, IN THE DUST WHERE IT MIGHT BE SEEN: ***"IN THE HALL OF THE ETERNAL SPIRIT, WAITS THE HUMAN SALVATION!"***

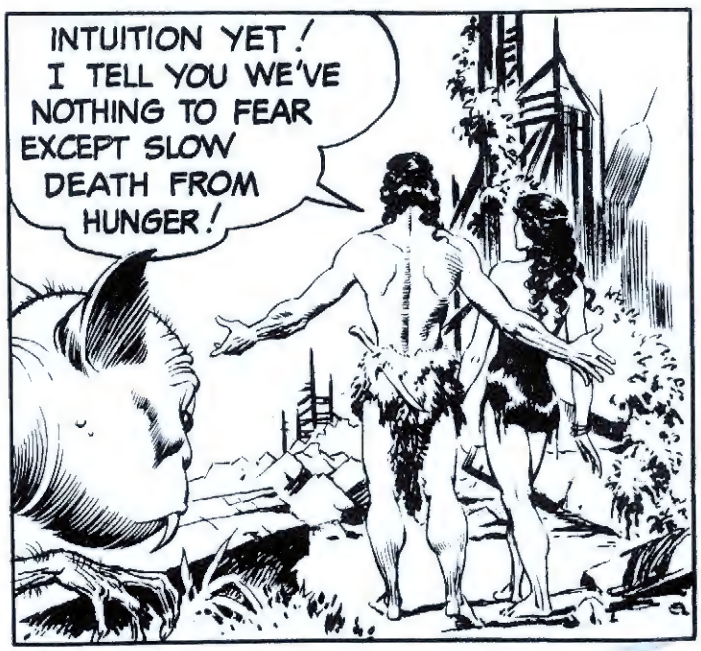
YOU SEE -- WE'VE LOST THEM! BUT WE'D BETTER NOT RACE THROUGH THIS SLUM!..
I'M TERRI - FIED, LANE.. WHAT'S THAT SMELL?!

PRETTY ROTTEN, ISN'T IT. I'D GUESS IT'S THE REMAINS OF A LOT OF THINGS...
LIKE GARBAGE... AND ANIMALS!
DO YOU WANT TO JOIN THEM? ..LET'S GET OUT WHILE WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE!

JUST LIKE A WOMAN! OBSTINATE, SHORT-SIGHTED! IF THE LEGEND IS TRUE, WE MAY FIND A COLONY OF CIVILIZED PEOPLE!...


THIS USED TO BE THE LIBRARY. WE'RE ONLY A BLOCK FROM THE SCIENCE HALL!

I'VE GOT A FEELING, LANE.. WE'LL NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE!


INTUITION YET! I TELL YOU WE'VE NOTHING TO FEAR EXCEPT SLOW DEATH FROM HUNGER!

AND IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M FED TO THE EARS WITH YOUR WHINING!
I'M SORRY, LANE...YOU LEAD THE WAY.

OKAY, LET'S GET TO THA-
LANE! THOSE RODENTS! THEY'RE AS BIG AS DOGS!

MORE OF THEM IN EVERY DIRECTION! NOW WE ARE SURROUNDED!

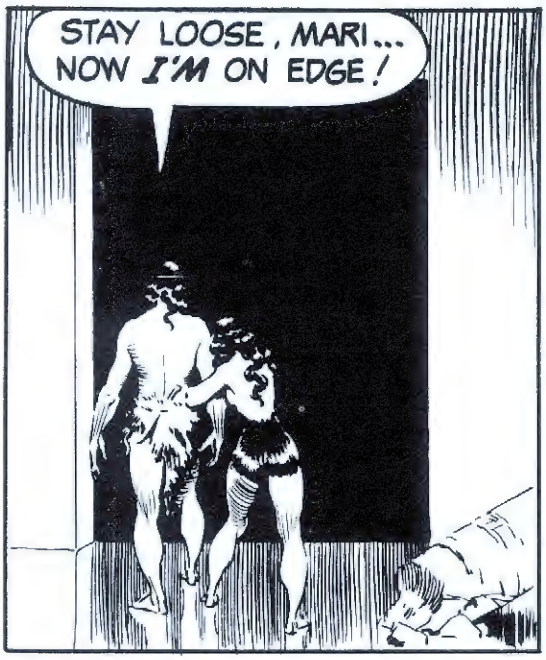
THERE'S A DOOR JUST AHEAD!
HURRY, LANE! THEY'RE CLOSING IN!

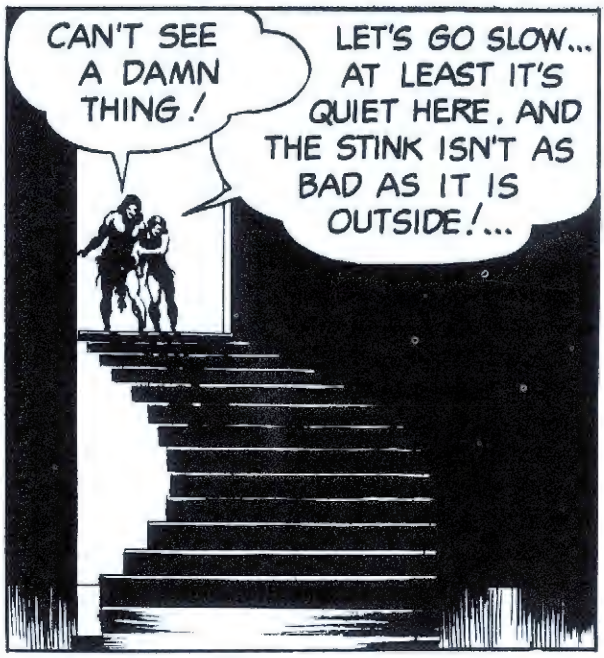
IT'S NO USE-- THERE ARE HUNDREDS! AND THERE'S NO-WHERE LEFT TO RUN!
STAY BEHIND ME! IF WE CAN JUST GET THROUGH THAT DOOR!

WE CAN'T GIVE UP NOW, MARI!...
THIS IS THE SCIENCE HALL!
QUICK! GET INSIDE!
CLOSE THE DOOR- I'LL HANDLE JUNIOR!
UGH! THEY'RE SLIMY BEASTS, BUT THEIR NECKS ARE WEAK!
THAT'S IT, BABY! NOW WE'RE SNUG AS CAN BE!

WHAT DO YOU THINK? A NICE CAPE?

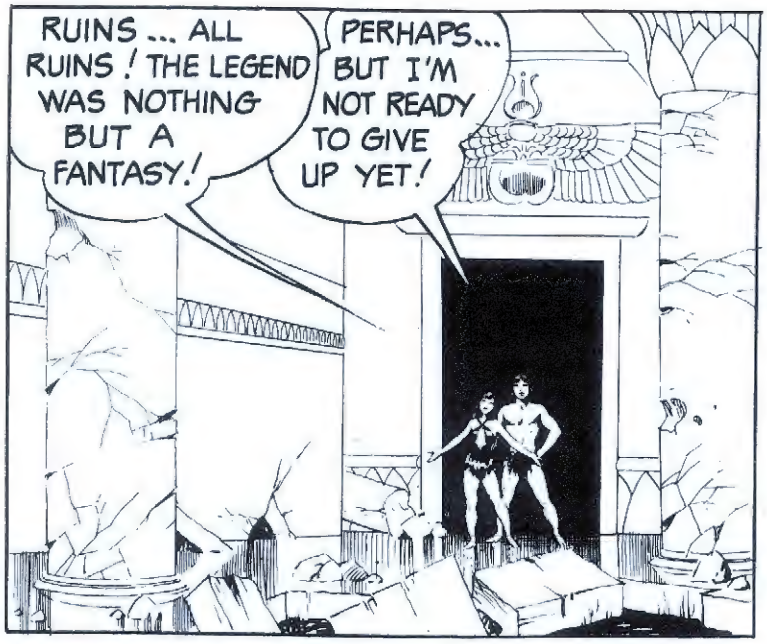
WE'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER EXIT, THAT'S FOR SURE. BUT NOW THAT WE'RE HERE, LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND
I ONLY SEE ONE DIRECTION TO TAKE.. THROUGH THAT DOOR!


STAY LOOSE, MARI... NOW I'M ON EDGE!

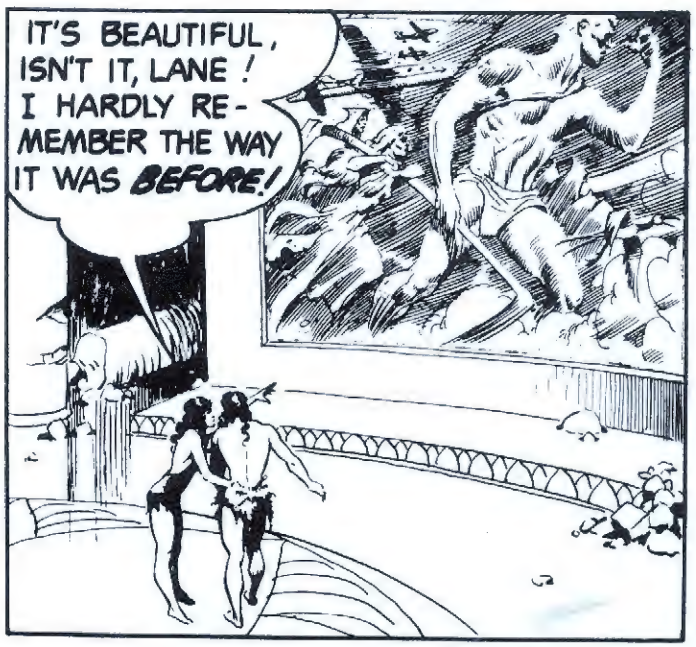

CAN'T SEE A DAMN THING!
LET'S GO SLOW... AT LEAST IT'S QUIET HERE, AND THE STINK ISN'T AS BAD AS IT IS OUTSIDE!...

THIS IS IT, ALRIGHT! THEY WERE GOING TO PUT EVERY MARVEL OF SCIENCE HERE!
IT LOOKS PRETTY EMPTY TO ME... BUT THERE'S ANOTHER DOORWAY!

THERE MUST BE A CLUE TO THE LEGEND SOMEWHERE.. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE FOR SURVIVAL!



THERE WASN'T MUCH LEFT *EXCEPT* FEAR AFTER THE FIRST BARRAGE OF BOMBS LEVELED THE MAJOR CITIES. WHAT REMAINED HAS BECOME A SEWER OF PESTILENCE FOR THE RAGGED SURVIVORS. SOON THEY WILL WITHER LIKE UPROOTED FLOWERS ON A GUTTED BATTLEFIELD, *UNLESS*.....



STATUES! COULD I HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN? THIS IS MORE LIKE AN ART MUSEUM THAN A SCIENCE HALL!

THEY'RE TERRIFYING! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH WORK!
IT'S ONLY MARBLE, MARI.

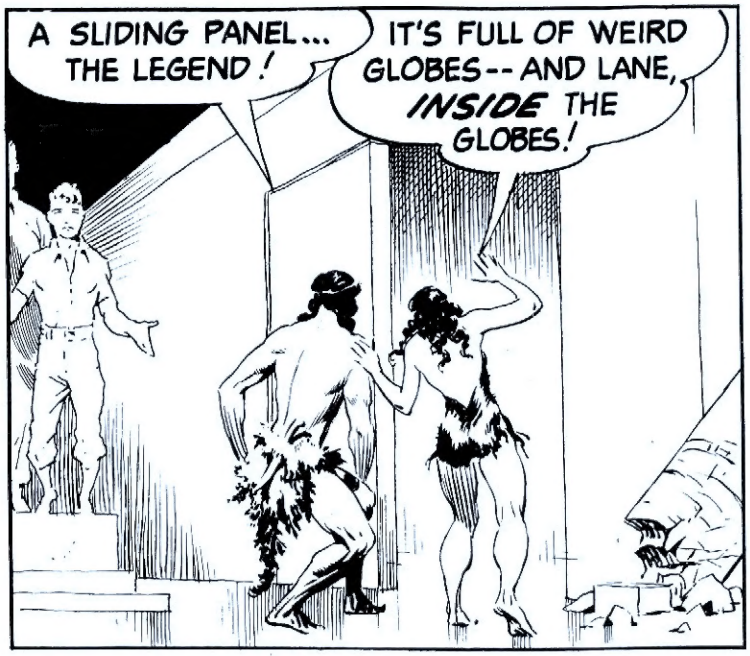
WAS *THIS* THE MESSAGE OF THE LEGEND... THAT ONLY THE *IMAGE* OF MAN REMAINS?

IT'S SO SMOOTH TO TOUCH. I'LL BREAK OFF A PIECE FOR A SOUVENIR...
NO, MARI!

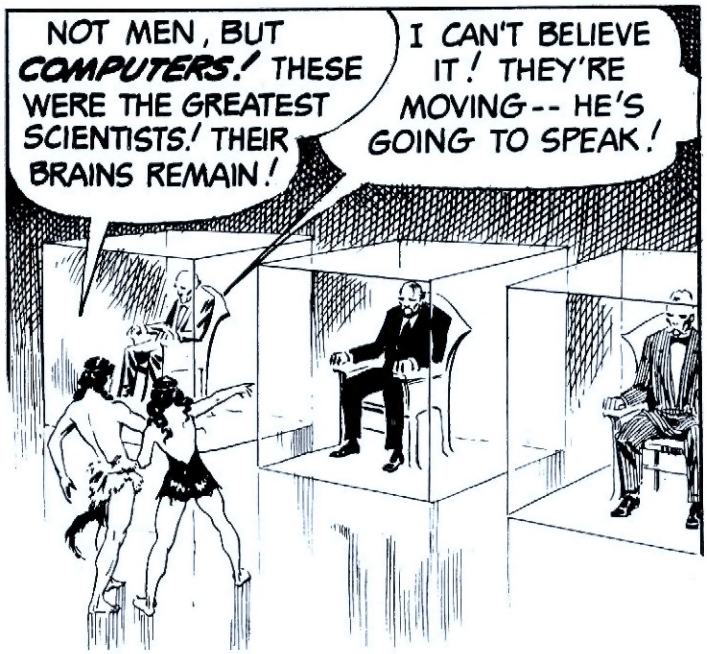
WHY NOT? THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO APPRECIATE IT. WHO'S TO CARE?!
NO MATTER! IT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT!

WE WON'T BE THE ONES TO DESTROY IT!

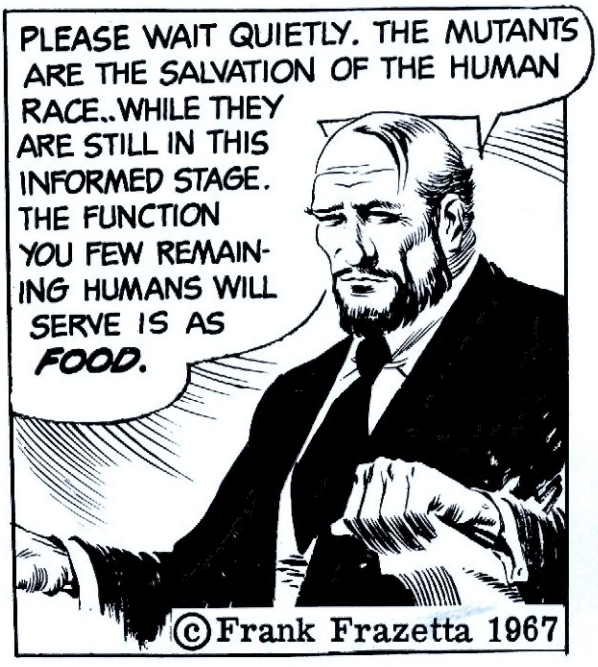
LOOK! THE HAND! IT MOVED!


A SLIDING PANEL... THE LEGEND!
IT'S FULL OF WEIRD GLOBES -- AND LANE, INSIDE THE GLOBES!

THEY'RE DEAD, LANE! THERE IS YOUR LEGEND!


NOT MEN, BUT COMPUTERS! THESE WERE THE GREATEST SCIENTISTS! THEIR BRAINS REMAIN!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THEY'RE MOVING -- HE'S GOING TO SPEAK!

THEIR LOGIC WILL SAVE US, MARI -- LISTEN!


PLEASE WAIT QUIETLY. THE MUTANTS ARE THE SALVATION OF THE HUMAN RACE..WHILE THEY ARE STILL IN THIS INFORMED STAGE. THE FUNCTION YOU FEW REMAINING HUMANS WILL SERVE IS AS FOOD.
©Frank Frazetta 1967

HEY LOOK!
©Harvey Kurtzman 1967
EVER SINCE I SWOLLOWED THOSE BATTRIES, MY NOSE IS LIT UP!
BUT IT COMES IN HANDY AT TIMES!
WHEN I NEED A RED LIGHT, I TIE A LITTLE ICE CUBE ON MY NOSE!
AND IF I STRAIN A LITTLE .... NNNGH!
...I MAKE A PHOTO FLOOD LAMP!
TROUBLE IS.. I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT!
NO MATTER HOW I TRY TO DROWN IT OUT, I CAN'T!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
H. Kurtz
HEY LOOK! I FINALLY SHUT OFF MY NOSE!
GAD! YOU'RE SQUASHED!! HOW'D YOU SHUT OFF YOUR NOSE?
WELL! NOW THAT I'M SHORTER--THE ELECTRICITY MAKES A SHORT CIRCUIT-- AND IT SHORT CIRCUITED MY NOSE!
ISN'T THAT AN AWFUL ROUND ABOUT WAY TO 'BLOW' YOUR NOSE?

Contents and Portents and Otherwise Words

Steve Ditko, who wrote and illustrated MR. A, is an originator as well as a stylist, and a man with ideas of his own. WITZEND is pleased to introduce his new character this issue.

Continuing our unique policy of writing comic stories after the artwork has been completed, (previous record: 12 years on "Savage World") editor Pearson jigsaw-puzzle-piddled Frazetta's 1950 pictures in 1967. Simple mathematics alone guarantees this is a new record, but publisher Wood refuses to guarantee the story. Originally the first three weeks of a proposed daily comic strip, the panels have been rearranged to form a self-contained tale. Thanks again to Frank for this fine artwork, and for the material we'll be publishing in future issues.

Another who has left the comic art field to paint is Roy G. Krenkel, whose drawings are a compliment to any book of quality artwork.

Al Williamson, Reuben award winner as best comic book artist of 1966, has since graduated to his own comic strip, Secret Agent Corrigan, (originally Agent X-9) for King Features. That particular strip is a favorite of Al's, as it was the first strip created by the legendary Alex Raymond in 1934. We hope your paper carries it, but if not... why not write a letter!

Incidentally, would anyone out there be interested in an article on the EARLY work of Frazetta and Williamson? Although no teenage productions could compete with their mature work, the potential of each was obvious even then, and definite progressions can be traced. How about a vote?

Roger Brand, Art Spiegelman, and Richard Bassford are new-comers to the comic art scene, and offer three unique styles for your enjoyment. By way of introduction, Bassford claims to be a happily married husband and father who works as a commercial artist in a Manhattan art studio. Frankly, we suspect he's hiding something. On the other hand, it may be a surprise to some of you to find out that Spiegelman is an 82-year-old retired postal clerk who began doodling to relieve his boredom, and Brand is a six-armed headless robot invented by a man named Thackery Whenk from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Words from Wood

THANKS!
"What does a magazine with no editorial policy need editors for?" you may ask...

I'd like to reply, and at the same time, express my boundless appreciation for the heroic efforts of my staff, all of whom have given of their time, talents and brute strength in every capacity imaginable in connection with putting together and distributing a magazine.

I have many reasons to be grateful... and optimistic. The response to my heart-rending plea for subscriptions has been most gratifying, contributions from my fellow artists have continued to come in beyond my wildest expectations, and several publishers have run plugs and ads for WITZEND in a spirit of rampant magnanimity. It begins to look as though I may be able to keep this venture going indefinitely... But wait for my official announcement as to future plans in issue #4.

SORRY...
Time did not permit completing another installment of Animan this time, but there will be further adventures in future issues. By the way, Bucky Ruckus will not appear in WITZEND. I am currently working on a 3-week Christmas strip starring Bucky for NEA. (Why don't you write your local paper?)

C'MON FELLAS!
I've just returned a couple of manuscripts which were not accompanied by return postage, but I will NOT do this in the future. If potential contributors want their art or text returned, they MUST include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

ZIP!
Don't forget your zip code number. The Post Office requires it on all 3rd class mail.

Please do not send additional stamps or money for first class postage, etc. Although we would like to be able to offer more personal service, time simply won't allow it.

Sketch ◀ by Al Williamson

ATTENTION COMIC FANS!

Here's your chance to obtain a remarkable collection of scenes from the great action serials of the 30's, 40's and 50's featuring your favorite comic strip heroes. Each serial pictorial contains 16 full-page illustrations printed on heavy, durable printing stock. These 16 scenes, if purchased separately, could cost you up to $12.00 per set. However, you may obtain these action-packed albums for only $1.00 per title. If you are a serious comic collector, you can't afford to miss owning copies of these limited-edition pictorials.

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NEXT ISSUE –
AN AL WILLIAMSON
SF SPECTACULAR!